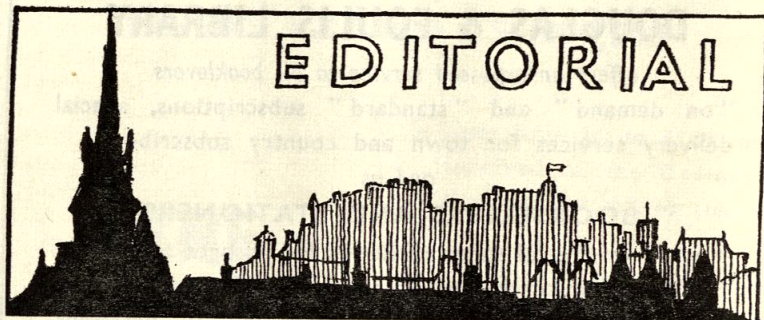


JAMES
GILLESPIE'S
HIGH SCHOOL 1961



MAGAZINE



Editor - - - - - JANICE O'RORKE.

*"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."*

DID John Keats in his struggles with the Muses and ill health ever visualise a time when the "new planet" of his dreams would be the Earth itself, viewed through the porthole of a shining rocket orbiting in the blue heights of distant spheres at astronomic speeds? Almost one hundred and fifty years have passed since the Romantic poet's era but even in the Space Age of the twentieth century, there are many for whom the wonders of interplanetary exploration remain as mysterious and remote.

We of Gillespie's, though not living in a "faery land forlorn," are among the many. How distant are the tensions of Cape Canaveral from the pleasant regularity of our school life! The clear, sharp outlines of scientific accuracy contrast with the subdued contours of the Castle, Salisbury Crags and the School, wrapped in eerie, engulfing winter fog or sunlight-veiling, morning mist. The "profuse strains" of music, in various stages of unpremeditation, drifting from the Music Room to the tree-lined Meadow pathways; the sudden gay outburst of uncounterfeited glee as some hitherto untold joke enlivens the serious study; the screech of the gulls, wheeling amid the swirling leaves in a storm-filled sky and the gentle whispering of the pigeons nesting in sheltered nooks outside the attics; the silence of examinations broken only by the scratch of eager pens, and sighs caused by reluctant brains; the welcome, raucous tones of the bell heralding the hour of liberty followed by the noisy clatter of a rapid exodus: all these are of our life but the gulf between them and the calculated precision of the count-down to zero-hour is wide and exciting. It is such that we can still share the thrill and awe of the "watcher of the skies"; we can rejoice in the achievement of man and the glory of the

Universe; we can look forward to the future with hope and expectation.

1961 holds further promise for astronauts. It will also see the launching of yet another Sixth Year on an unsuspecting world. We shall go forth with gladness willing to face the challenge and hope we shall be received in the same spirit. But sorrow will be mingled with our joy for in leaving school, we leave behind a part of ourselves. It is left and lives in memories—memories of dramatic moments in undramatic productions at the "Lit.", of relentless battles with Pythagoras and Archimedes, of attempts to emulate "the daring young man on the flying trapeze"—using the gymnasium ropes, rehearsals for the concert, the sincere tributes of Founder's Day, and of the pungent smells accompanying unsuccessful experiments in the science lab. or in the kitchen. We shall turn our backs on all those and be confronted by new situations in a changing world. We shall turn away but we will not forget.

DAYBREAK AT NIGG

Like a new pearl
The sky hangs above silk sand.
The black dog is bounding,
Swishing through stinging, jade-grey grass,
Leaping the shell-knotted rack.
I follow barefoot and run
Down to the laughing, glistening sea
Where the thundering waves writhe in delight mocking the
waking morning.

Tongues of green water
Creep up, caress the milky world;
Then, frightened, slide back
Sucked in by the greed of the sea.
The dog is now prancing, dancing and growling
At the waves licking his paws.
And I watch him tirelessly playing,
Teased by the foam-flying, great green god of destruction.

A club of twisted hemp,
Toyed and chewed by the sea,
Is lying on dark-wet, shell-spotted sand.
And I seize it. I shout.
And the black dog is barking, tail flying, eyes flashing.
Wildly, I swing and hurl it
Whistling through passionless grey-morning air
Like the joy of my life unfurling, at the edge of the laughing sea.

ROSEMARY JOHNSTONE, 5M.

MISS ALLIE L. ANDERSON

MANY years have passed since the first of Miss Anderson's pupils left Gillespie's but, whenever they meet, one question always presents itself: "How is Miss Anderson?"

Hundreds of girls have followed them, and it is almost impossible for her to travel far, even beyond Edinburgh, without being stopped and hearing, "Miss Anderson! You won't remember me, but . . ." and the questioner is generally wrong, for Miss Anderson invariably does remember, the good ones, the bad ones, and the naughty ones.

It is not difficult to understand how this affection and admiration for Miss Anderson persists throughout the years.

An exacting task-mistress in the gymnasium she certainly is, but the interesting activities, and high standard of the work done there, make a lasting impression on her pupils. No one who has been trained for a gymnastic or dancing display in the Usher Hall will forget the tireless rehearsals and polishing which preceded the performance or the feeling of supreme confidence on taking the platform at the concert, just because of that practice. But it is only when the applause thunders through the Hall that the reason for all the hard work suddenly becomes apparent and worth while.

So it has been, throughout the years of Miss Anderson's teaching in Gillespie's, and hundreds of her present and former pupils say, "Thank you for all you have done for us."

Her fame and success in the world of Scottish Country Dancing is widespread. Hundreds of her former Gillespie pupils joined her classes run by the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society. Many of these became teachers for the Edinburgh Branch. It would not be an exaggerated claim to say that most of the Scottish Country Dancers in Edinburgh have been taught either by Miss Anderson herself or by those whom she taught.

At St. Andrews Summer School, the lists for her classes were always filled to overflowing so that most years she had to take a second class. Dancers from all over Britain and countries abroad were anxious to receive training from one who could instruct and explain so well.

Up till quite recently, the dancers from the Edinburgh Branch who delighted thousands watching the TV show, "The Kilt is my Delight," were trained in Miss Anderson's Demonstration Class, where the standard could not have been far short of perfection.

It is pleasant to record that, in a world where so much hard work seems to go unrewarded, Miss Anderson has, on at least four occasions, been asked to meet members of the Royal Family: the late King George VI and his Queen, at Holyrood Palace; then the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were graciously pleased to attend the Assembly Rooms to see one of the first performances of the dance composed on the occasion of their wedding by Miss Anderson and Mrs Lesslie.

Some time later, on two successive years, the Duke of Hamilton invited Miss Anderson to present the team to Her Majesty in the forecourt of Holyrood Palace.

Received by Royalty, acclaimed by Country Dancers everywhere, admired and respected by pupils—it is an impressive and rather formidable list.

Yet amongst her friends and colleagues, she is known for her great kindness and sympathy, her loyalty, and her very good company when recounting anecdotes from her varied experiences.

Miss Anderson will be greatly missed when she leaves the School that has known her so long, but those on the staff who have enjoyed her friendship, and those whom she has taught, wish her health and great happiness in her retirement.

E. B. E.

MISS ANNA M. MUNRO, M.A.

THE end of this session sees the retiral, from the post of Principal Teacher of Classics, of Miss Munro, whose long service and distinctive personality ensure that her name will live woven into the stuff of our School's traditions.

Like many a Scottish lad and lass o' pairts, Miss Munro came from a country town: it was at Inverurie Academy that her bent for languages first revealed itself. From there she went on to Aberdeen University, where she distinguished herself particularly in Greek, and graduated in 1921 with Honours in Classics. After short spells of teaching in Aberfeldy and Huntly she came to Gillespie's School in 1923, the year in which it first became a fully Secondary School. It thus fell to her to shape the Department of Classics, of which, in 1928, she was appointed Head. Then, as now, Miss Munro clearly possessed what are perhaps the most vital qualifications for any true teacher—an unshakable belief in the value of her subjects and a deep and personal interest in her pupils.

In these bewildering days, when the emphasis in education tends more and more to be laid on what is contemporary and utilitarian, it is good that there remain some teachers still dedicated to guarding and handing on the heritage of "the best that has been thought and said" in past ages. Of such is Miss Munro, not only in her teaching of Greek and Latin, but in the Scripture lessons to which she brings so much knowledge, and in which she strives to inculcate something of her own deep concern for spiritual values!

It speaks well for our Classical Department that the number of girls studying Latin and Greek here compares so favourably with those in other similar schools, and that throughout Miss Munro's time a succession of pupils have gone on to earn distinction in the Latin and Greek classes at both Edinburgh and St. Andrews

Universities. On three occasions in the past few years' Bursary Competitions at Edinburgh, the winner of the John Welsh Bursary in Classics has been a Gillespie girl.

But examination results are not the only, or even the most important, criterion of good teaching. Miss Munro has always striven to make her subjects truly "humane studies." She has kept herself in touch with the new developments in methods of teaching the classics, so that for even her youngest classes Latin is not a "dead" language associated only with dreary gerund-grinding, but a means whereby they catch a glimpse at least of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," and for them the Romans become living, breathing men and women. To the impression she has made on older pupils let one of them—now at Oxford after an outstandingly brilliant career at Edinburgh University—be witness. She writes, "First of the characteristics of Miss Munro that stand out vividly in my mind come her complete absorption in her subject and her ability to pass on her enthusiasm to us. She always made what was difficult and tedious to learn as simple and pleasurable as she could. We were taught to match the metres of Horace's "Odes" to tunes familiar to us; Livy's account of the arrival in Rome of the messenger bearing news of the Trasimene defeat was compared with Randolph Murray's return from Flodden; again and again Roman history was illuminated by the citing of more recent parallels to its events and characters. Remembering her wide scholarship in classical literature, history and mythology, in which we in our turn read widely, together with her encouragement to form and express our own opinions and suggestions, which she considered with unfailing kindness and attention, I feel that we could have had no better teacher than Miss Munro. I am glad and proud to have been taught by her."

To Miss Munro's kindness and generosity very many pupils and colleagues, past and present, could pay grateful tribute. She has always seen her pupils not in the mass but as individuals to be helped patiently over difficulties, encouraged and inspired to do well, sympathised with in times of personal trouble—and not forgotten when they leave her. She is gifted with a truly "royal memory" for names and faces, and keeps in touch with countless former pupils, corresponding with them, taking the liveliest interest in their careers and families, entertaining them most hospitably in her house and visiting them on her travels.

For Miss Munro is a notable traveller! She has journeyed to thirteen European countries as well as visiting the Bermudas, Canada from coast to coast, and the United States, and only this Easter fulfilled the wish of many years by going on a Hellenic cruise during which such long-loved names as Thessaly and Troy, Ephesus and Patmos, at last became realities for her. Like Ulysses, she "cannot rest from travel": she is planning to visit

India this autumn, spend a year in New Zealand, and revisit Bermuda, America and Canada on her way home. She has friends of many nationalities, whom she exchanges letters with, visits, and in turn welcomes to her home; but with all her delight in such contacts and her deeply-felt desire for international understanding, she has lost none of that fervid love of Scotland, Scots folk and Scots ways which is as much part of her personality as is the endearing North-East intonation that nearly forty years in the South have not altered.

Miss Munro will be greatly missed in both classroom and staffroom. She carries with her into her retirement our thanks for all she has given to the School, and our warmest good wishes for many happy years of leisure in which to enjoy her many interests and activities.

A. E. F.

MISS A. M. McLAREN, B.A.

ALL of us who knew Miss McLaren took leave of her at Easter with the greatest regret, aware that the whole school community was the poorer for the loss of a teacher of her ability, industry and integrity.

Miss McLaren joined the English Department of the School in 1950, after teaching in the Royal School, Bath, in Newcastle upon Tyne Church High School, and in Laurel Bank Girls' School, Glasgow. From this varied experience she brought with her a certain refreshing difference of outlook which enlivened our discussions, and which, combined with her whole-hearted co-operation in the work of the department, made her a highly valued member of its staff.

Exact in her standards for herself and her pupils, she set a splendid example of sustained work and endeavour. She was the enemy of the slipshod, but her pupils knew with clarity and precision not only what their aim was, but how to set about achieving it; and all who came under her influence found it stimulating and wholesome.

For nine years Miss McLaren took charge of the school library, extending its usefulness, and introducing the Dewey Decimal System, a reorganisation which she tackled with characteristic devotion and success.

Her colleagues liked and admired her for her sincerity, her sense of humour, her forthrightness, her firmness and fluency in holding and defending her views, her zestful interest in the School and all its concerns.

A. D.

STAFF

FOR a decade or more we have watched with happy detachment the erosive swish of tides that have devastated the staffrooms of many of our friends. There were, granted, some momentarily crumbling ravelins—notably Domestic—but Gillespie's remained essentially a place one came to; never left. Now the envious siege of battering days has at last driven in the inevitable breach.

The contribution of Miss Anderson and Miss Munro to Gillespie's has been massive and is quite impossible to evaluate: their Combined Ops. cover nearly three-quarters of a century. They were in at the beginning; what Gillespie's is now is, in a vital part, of their making, and is impervious to Time. But retirement is no word to describe the shape their vigorous and varying careers now take. True, the bowers of Arden will no longer, under their Attic leaves, be able to dispense such automatic hospitality to casual visitor from Nevada or Nijmegen now that their priestess is released to explore the Ghats; and the restless, eager spirit of Miss Anderson will doubtless find much to busy itself with in the world of country dancing and physical training everywhere. Our good wishes go with them in what we should surely err in calling leisure; we shall welcome them at our big occasions, or with equal hospitality to share the convivial nectar that splendidly flows from our teapot in the commonroom.

The English Department has also at last suffered loss. Miss McLaren, whose family roots are deep in Loch Lubnaig soil, was nurtured in a gentler, if alien, London, and her coming to Gillespie's by way of the mansion house of the Earl of Bath, and later Newcastle and Glasgow, brought a gracious and relaxed scholarship which her colleagues and pupils were not slow to value. She takes with her to whatever sphere of service she now chooses to enrich by her manifold gifts our warm, good wishes. Miss Young, a fine scholar and experienced teacher from Dundee has taken over her duties.

At the end of last session four members of staff who had given shorter, but valuable, service, left us. Miss Macpherson, Titian, kindly and lissom-toed, took her place in the (for the moment) last rank of the Great Trek to Moray House; Miss Kinnear felt that East is East but West is Best; St. Thomas of Aquin's, who shared Mrs Maurer's services in the French Department with us, decided to exercise a more exclusive claim, and Mr Raeburn, who brought Russian to Gillespie's and (on one memorable occasion) a Cossack rout to Meggetland, has decided to plant his samovar in the rival tabernacle on the Calton Hill. Possibly in these more robust purlieus he may find less modest scope for the aseptic release of his occasional guffaw. We miss him; and it.

His place was taken in August by Mr Milne, who combines equal facility in Greek and Gogol (we are not yet lost souls). Miss McIntyre joined the History Department from George Square; Miss Blair filled the now customary vacancy in the Domestic Science Department; Mrs Walker relieved the strenuous pressure on both the English and the Geography Departments and now (we hear) is to desert us to answer a more siren note from the kitchen sink; Mrs Smith has joined the French Department, and Mr Guild helped in the Commercial Department, where indisposition laid an unwelcome hand for a time on Miss McIntyre. In December Mr Brandt joined the Department and coincidence could scarcely have cut a more bizarre caper than to arrange that both he and Mr McEwan should have lived at the same time in Shanghai and later passed, in different places, into Nippon bondage. It is interesting to reflect that if the worst came to the very worst they might still converse (the years having intervened) in an emaciated brand of Chinese.

In September, Mr Galloway who, as Assistant Janitor, had given long and loyal service to the School despite the burden of recurrent illness, was at last compelled to relinquish his duties and Mr Baxter in taking over has become overnight the friend of Staff and 3F girls alike. We were happy to welcome Mr Galloway on a return visit to School recently, now substantially re-established in health. If one of these days you notice in George Street a spruce figure clad in the garb of Lombard Street, and on the way to perform some of the abstruse activities indulged in in Lombard Street, your natural greeting of Mr Robertson will testify to the remarkable talents we take for granted in all those who serve Gillespie's.

We have again cause to be grateful for the valuable service given to the School by our Assistants from the Continent. Mlle Jacqueline Divanach comes from Brittany and our memories of a winter corridor are enlivened by the glint of a dimpled smile and the inevitable clutched, red record-player, both equally welcome to the waiting class. Herr Werner Gillich from Munich, which city has materially added to the debt we owe it by sending such an ambassador, combines painstaking scholarship with the high purposes and instincts of the born teacher. Mr Joseph Benzimra joined the French Department in November, bringing into that grey month happy evidence to refute the popular contention that the teaching profession is a colourless tribe.

PAGANINI II

I practise almost every night,
(I am so keen, you see)
But *still*, Yehudi Menuhin
Seems, oh so good, to me!

CECILIA C. CAVAYE, 6B1.

SCHOOL NOTES

AT the close of the second term, on a day when spring was pulsing its recurrent miracle in the hearts of the elms that lean above St. Cuthbert's paths, the whole School joined in its central act of worship and dedication in the great Church. Dr Small conducted the service with his customary sincerity, and expertise in the arresting illustration. We owe much to him for this, for his taking charge, from time to time, of our morning services, and for his help and inspiration in the classroom.

This session saw a renewal of the foray that was initiated with much promise last year. In the spirit of the commandos, and not without misgivings (for is not this one of the few male strongholds?) the School accepted the invitation to enter a team for the national debating contest sponsored by the English-Speaking Union; the autumn saw our "warriors" (Kathryn Thompkins and Margaret Watt, both from 6A) swiftly blast a path through the first skirmishers (including Edinburgh Academy and Loretto); the pan-flash detonated in a thrust that saw them through the second (the Royal High School—the eventual winners—and St. Denis offering stubborn opposition) and we had hardly drawn breath when there we were in the City Chambers witnessing the East of Scotland Final, when the encounter was so keen and close that some said that they wan and some said that we wan and it needed the authority of Lord Migdale finally to pronounce that it was they—the Royal High School team—who really wan. Anyhow it was an auspicious start and we trust that their successors for next session are meantime hard with the emery paper at their weapons.

To these, deservedly, one spotlight; to others, and many they are, the less spectacular but worthy and dedicated service in the wings. Highest, possibly, in this roll, are those who willingly give their time and talents trying to make a modest redress in Fate's hard largess from which many appear to have been bequeathed so little. At Christmas the generosity was richly maintained and the senior girls who took parcels of food and clothing to old and needy people learned incidentally that material inadequacy need in no way be inconsistent with great fortitude and patience; and they had their reward in words of heartfelt gratitude. The toys and books collected went to children who needed them urgently. In the summer, senior girls continued to give help at the Humble Homes and at the University Settlement and also with the Meals on Wheels service. The initial husbandry for all this is laid, of course, in the nursery beds of Bruntsfield, where the collection to provide a Guide Dog for the Blind, begun in 1954, bids fair to reach its target of £250 by the end of this session. We are touched by the Primary Girls' regret that they will not be able to name "her" James Gillespie, but youthful ingenuity has unearthed the informa-

tion that James Gillespie's mother was called Elizabeth, which satisfies history as well as physiology. In addition to this notable achievement, the Primary girls raised £17. 3s. 4d. by the sale of Christmas seals and labels in behalf of the Scottish Council for the Care of Spastics, and they made valuable contributions to the gifts of toys and games at Christmas.

The casual scanner of notice-boards in School is constantly amazed by the scope and originality that mark the expeditions made in search of "culture" and other things. A mere catalogue does scant justice to the work of organising, and the value gained: the Youth Rally at the Usher Hall; the Atoms at Work Exhibition at the Museum; Voluntary Services Overseas Meeting in the Merchants' Hall (two senior girls are in London this week—22nd May till 5th June—for interview for foreign service); the David Livingstone Memorial Ceremony; the Glass Exhibition by Pilkington's; the Sixth Form Conference on Great Britain and the New Europe; the S.C.M. Conference in Moray House: these are a fair sample of the general pattern. The more narrowly cultural are illustrated by various parties to theatre and opera at Festival time; Scottish National Orchestra Concerts in the Usher Hall; while the "other things" may select as their representative a "jaunt" to a brewery where, we are happy to give solemn assurance, the scope of study, both practical and theoretic, was restricted to the chemistry of fermentation.

Demands on the time of senior pupils are relentless and circumscribe the possibility, meantime, of any ambitious full-scale dramatic productions; perhaps we achieve a balanced compromise. The Music Makers won great applause from an enthusiastic audience this spring; Miss Nicoll arranged a Nativity Play in the Primary Department; the Children's Theatre brought great delight during two performances to the junior girls, and the Orchestra gained enthusiastic recruits from girls in Primary 7 and 6. The Literary and Dramatic Society naturally fosters all this kind of activity.

Some of our senior girls have gone down to the sea in a ship and the reports (see other pages) significantly omit all mention of loneliness. The *Dunera* has renewed and enriched an educational experiment of the 1930's which held, and still holds, much promise. Another fruitful enterprise has been the link established with the *Norscot* and its captain and crew, with whom there has been an interesting exchange of letters. The visit of Captain Dunnet and Mrs Dunnet to the School in the spring brought vivid evidence of the friendliness of the relationship. A link of another kind has also been established between Gillespie's and Sydney High School, which, though merely in its initial stages, has the blessing of us all.

Our girls have also gone out to measure themselves against other strenuous and testing disciplines: Vida Mowat's interesting account of her experiences at the Outward Bound School is a good

example; but larger parties are, this spring, grappling with problems in places as far apart as Glenmore Lodge and the Inverclyde Recreational Centre.

To the Ideal Homes Exhibition and the Animal Competition, sponsored by the Zoological Society (as well as noticeably this magazine), the Art Department has made significant contributions, noteworthy amongst them being the work of that versatile and "blest pair of Sirens" the Johnstone twins, whose secession to Gillespie's three years ago markedly upset Glasgow's export balance.

The winners in the Primary Burns Recitation Competition were: Una Hope, P.7(1); Joyclyn Nolan, P.7(2); Ruth Scott, P.6(1); Elizabeth Dooner, P.6(2); Eleanor Cameron, P.5(1); Barbara Newsen, P.5(2); Linda-Anne Dorrance, P.4(1); Carolyn Wall, P.4(2); Jacqueline Maxwell, P.3(1); and Heather Hartley, P.3(2). In the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society Bulb Competition the Primary entry took 2nd place, while Pamela Johnston, P.7(1), won a 1st Prize; and Alison Dickson, P.6(2) and Valerie Prodgers, P.7(1), won 2nd Prizes.

Col. Callender of the S.S.P.C.A. showed films to members of the Junior School, who maintain their practical zoological interest by their contributions towards the upkeep of their cheery ward "Jim" at Corstorphine.

An opportunity to invite the "braw gallants" to share our Christmas revels having fallen on unresponsive (female) ears, we tripped it lightly, with occasional stubbed toes, in the kind of thing that few beside Miss Anderson would regard as easy, the interludes being given in surprising submission to the diabolicities which a wry euphemism permits to pass under the title of "party games." About the same time in the Primary School other revelries were taking place untrammelled by riddle.

Judith Anderson, 3L1, having been selected because of distinction as a Queen's Guide, was a guest of the K.L.M. Airline on a two-day trip to Holland in May to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the inauguration of the Amsterdam/Prestwick service.

Pamela Connet, 3L1, and Lynette Gordon, 2F1, won 1st and 2nd Prizes in a handwriting competition organised by the *Edinburgh Evening News*.

A School party again spent the Easter vacation in Sevigny, on the outskirts of Paris, and their hosts are returning to live with our girls in Edinburgh during the summer.

Visitors who come to Edinburgh to have a look at educational things seem to find it automatic to visit us and we like to think they find much to interest them. Among their number this session have been Professor Katz from the University of British Columbia. Mr Lannon from Australia; Miss Gills from California; Mrs Malone from Dayton, Illinois; Dr Wiggins, Professor of Education,

DUX ON ARTS SIDE



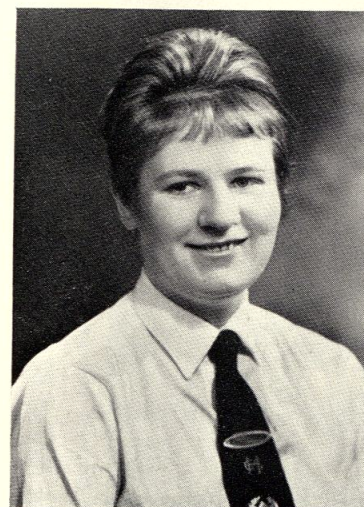
KATHRYN B. THOMPKINS

DUX ON SCIENCE SIDE



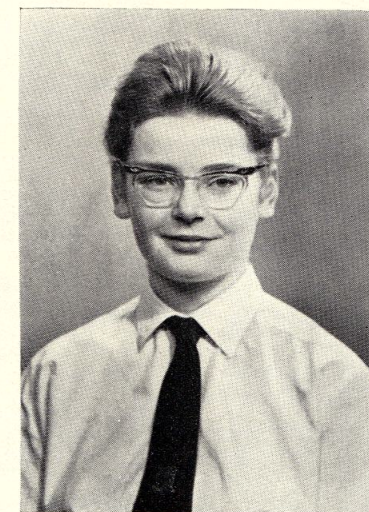
CATHERINE D. JOHNSTON

CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



JANICE F. O'ROURKE

VICE-CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL



ROSEMARY A. CATHEL'S

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son

SCHOOL PREFECTS



Back Row—R. JOHNSTONE, E. RUSHE, M. LITTLEJOHNS, I. JOHNSTONE, P. LUMSDEN, J. DOWNIE, E. DOWNIE, A. MANSON,
 Centre Row—P. BOOTH, M. HOLLAND, A. MCNEILL, K. DALLAS, K. JAWORSKA, K. THOMPSON, N. ANDERSON, C. PIRIE,
 Front Row—L. HENDRIE, V. MOWAT, J. O’RORKE (Captain), Miss STEEL, R. CATHELS (Vice-Captain), I. SKEA, M. WATT.
 Absent—L. ROBERTSON, C. CAVAYE.
 Photo by E. R. Yarbury & Son

Maryland; and Professor Hook from Illinois. Dr Betz, Professor of English, Cincinnati, delivered an interesting address to the senior girls on “An American’s Day.” In May we had a large party, at present studying in London University, which included visitors from U.S.A., Canada, India and Greece.

Janice O’Rorke, 6A, and Dilys Brown, 6B, have been accepted for Voluntary Service Overseas and hope to go abroad in August 1961.

Gifts to the Library, and the School, have been received from Miss MacPherson, Mrs Bullough, Miss McLaren and Mrs Murdie. We would say a sincere Thank You.

The last word? With grateful inevitability to Miss McIntyre, whose restoration to her sunny good health after a disturbing indisposition gives all her friends the greatest satisfaction, and her girls, mostly from 5C, possibly in especial the three gallants who in the absence of Miss McIntyre shouldered the responsibility for recording the proceedings on Founder’s Day. The sweet rattling of their two-handed engines (our own is laconically one-handed) each spring adds a new dimension to willing service.

LINES WRITTEN TO A DEPARTING GYM MISTRESS
 (after reading Chaucer’s Prologue)

With us ther was an athlete for the nones
 And she was lithe of limb and strong of bones.
 Now sikerly she was of great renoun
 In al the schools of noble Edwin’s toun.
 Al lustily she yaf commands in classe,
 I trowe she was a very soncy lasse.
 Ful fetisly she wore hir sable gown
 And on hir feet a pair of sandel shoon.
 Wel coulde she swingen from a ropes ende;
 She coulde turns make, and from the hippes bende.
 In many a tempest played she on the field,
 A longe curved stikke would she wiede.
 She yaf not of that texte a pulled hen
 Which saith that women been nat strong as men.
 She was wel grounded in anatomie,
 In heathes lore and in terpsichore:
 She knew what folkes daunce in everich launde,
 Jigges and reeles and eek the allemande.
 She also was inclined to the “ballet,”
 This worthy acrobat was cleped Allie.

MARY WALTERS, 4L.

FOUNDER'S DAY

FRIDAY, 17th March 1961, saw again the enactment of the Founder's Day ceremonies, essentially simple and commemorative, but not without the bloom of pageantry, the larger utterance, the memorable word. At a time when teachers tend to regard themselves as a downtrodden race it was good to find one of the very highest eminence whose mind was not too exclusively ta'en up wi' the things o' the state to permit us the hour of fruitful speculation and, in the noblest sense, exhortation. The ease with which Sir James established immediate rapport with the little lilies of the field who graced the front benches, as well as with the more sophisticatedly orchidaceous in the remoter seats reserved for the Sixth Form, spoke eloquently of his gifts as an orator; and when Janice O'Rorke, the Head Girl, and her tiny aide arrived on the platform for the traditional presentation of the snuff-mull, the proceedings assumed the heart-warming intimacies of a family party: so much so that Sir James's absorption in what Janice was saying constrained him to overlook the vermeil and baby cheek which at that moment might appropriately have borne the imprint of a kiss. But though small she looked kindly, and she will doubtless have forgiven him.

Mr Frizell directed the proceedings: Dr Small led the assembly in prayer. The reading from James Gillespie's own Bible was performed by Rosemary Cathels, our Vice-Captain, with that breathless urgency that suggests that she had just arrived in Aix from Ghent, and which we find so engaging; and the Choir sang the anthem: "Seek ye the Lord."

They would, we are sure, be the first to admit that they really provided a setting for Mr Sommerville, who was persuaded to give one of his rare performances. What a pity we have not the opportunity of hearing that rich and flexible voice more often.

ITALY

Dewy morn to sultry evening
Golden sun on clear blue sea,
Never sad, and always lovely
Is enchanting Italy.

Pure, unspoiled, a land of laughter,
Gayer still when velvet night
Draws her watchful curtain over
Italy, the land of light.

CHRISTINE M. LAIDLAW, 5L.

FOUNDER'S DAY ORATION

Friday, 17th March 1961

By Sir JAMES ROBERTSON

SIR JAMES began by expressing gratitude for the invitation to deliver the Founder's Day address. He continued:

"Now my first words this afternoon must be to the youngest of our company, to those just beginning to grow up. You know, I have a feeling that if we could just be left to ourselves, we could talk very pleasantly and sensibly together. But you know how it is—I have my orders and what I say must be directed to those "elderly," young ladies of Gillespie's who will never see fifteen again, so the best thing I can do is to assure you that without your charming presence this would have been for me a very much less agreeable afternoon.

"Ladies, any title I have to this honourable position of addressing you results not from my being a mere taker of snuff, nor is it from having once been Head of your brother school beside the Calton Hill. No, it arises from the fact that when I came to Edinburgh twenty-one years ago with a small daughter, I just had no doubt at all that she must go to Gillespie's, and the reason I was so sure was that even in 1940 your School was showing the vital power of your late Headmistress, an exceptional Headmistress who in the twenty years since that has proved herself one of the most outstanding and influential figures in Scottish education. If I could roll back the years and come to Edinburgh in 1961 with a lassie to be schooled I would do the same again, for you see I have been working these two years on an important Committee with Miss Steel. She doesn't speak as much as we would like her to, but when she does, she says something worth while and the rest of us all sit up and take notice, and I must tell you that we all hold her in quite exceptional regard. The gods must have thought well of Gillespie's to give you two winners in succession.

"It is a great thing to have a founder (schools that do not have one know their loss), for a founder—known and remembered—is a natural focus for all your sentiment, gratitude and loyalty, and in your praise of him you have the most competent means of awakening in yourself a sense of the dignity and pride of your School. There are founders and founders, and what a singularly agreeable one was given to you! It is pleasant for the mind to dwell on that life of his, lived so quietly and gently in the Edinburgh of the eighteenth century. James Gillespie was indeed richly endowed in mind and character, able, purposeful, sure of himself, direct of speech and yet of a very kindly temper. He worked and prospered, learning what money could do. Success came to him and stayed with him but did not spoil him. To the end he was content to walk humbly with his God. And, of course, he dreamed a generous and

beneficent dream and the long years after have transformed it into your School, into an intellectually vigorous and socially gracious one that is ranked among the best in the land. Well, time takes many things away, but some things remain. Listen to this. The Head of an English grammar school tells us that when after the harvest festival the produce was given to hospitals a boy complained: 'My father says that it is the responsibility of the Department of Health to see that hospitals have a sufficient supply of food.' Now, I hope that you are not with 'my father' but on the side of James Gillespie, and are prepared to believe that even in our changing world and amid all the generous provisions of the Welfare State, there is still a little place for that warmth and grace of personal giving and individual sacrifice.

"What am I to say this afternoon to you daughters of so good a man? Well, first, I like your generation immensely—the generation that lies between my children and my grandchildren. I admire the present generation for its toughness, its honesty, and the fact that it is more public-spirited than perhaps twenty years ago, and for its attitude to all the new problems that arise. But I stop there, for praise, like lipstick, is all the better for not being laid on too thickly. Let us rather put it this way—that I think you are a little behind the times as, for instance, in all the stramash about parental bossiness and rules for you know, in the main, it just is not true. The masterful parent went out long ago and indeed some of the poor dears are little more than caretaking and kitchen staff. Getting after parents these days is like "shooting the pianist" long after he had been gathered to his fathers. You will find, even after you grow up, that life is full of "keep off the grass" notices with penalties for infringement.

"G. K. Chesterton tells how, in a city park, because it was ringed about by heavy strong railings, children played freely in happiness. Then someone took the railings away and the children were then herded in the centre and their laughter silenced. Well, for your generation the rails are down, these cautions and signs that made life perhaps a little less perilous. But, mercifully, the great majority of you have the sense to keep some little distance from the verge, for you see that people playing at brinkmanship have to realise that if they slip off the edge of the wall, the law of gravity is not going to be suspended to prevent them hitting the bottom. So then, why do you tend to fume and protest that you are not free to do as you like? You are, but the question is 'Which of you is going to do it?' for you see each one of us is more than one.

"There was an ancient philosopher who said: 'Within every human being there is a beast that keeps changing and there is peace only when, if it becomes a wild beast, it is kept down.'

"One last point. Do we not make a mistake in speaking too much about separate generations and age-groups in such a way as

to stress their separateness and exaggerate their differences as if there was nothing between them? The human way is an unbroken chain and the stages march swiftly one into another. Why, I sometimes think that the much maligned teenager of today has scarcely time to get used to jeans and a tousled hairdo before a great new prospect is opening up before her. No, there is no gap between the generations for the ages of man need each other, having much to give and much to get. The good life requires of us that our roots should be deep in our past and our branches flung as wide as possible into the exciting present.

"Well, this is a day of commemoration—a time for pride and gratitude. I am old-fashioned enough to add, 'a time for a little bit of re-dedication' and I am going to suggest that it is a time too when there should be strong within us an ennobling sense of the unity and continuity of all human life, and to stress that I am going to leave with you a few simple but very moving words. They are Edinburgh words though they come from far-away Samoa to be the dedication to Stevenson's 'Catriona'—'You are still in the venerable city which I must always think of as my home. And I have come so far; and the sights and thoughts of my youth pursue me; and I see like a vision the youth of my father, and of his father, and the whole stream of lives flowing down there far in the north, with the sound of laughter and tears, to cast me out in the end, as by a sudden freshet, on these ultimate islands. And I admire and bow my head before the romance of destiny.'"

CHANGE

The high wood is as lovely now
As ever it was when
We used to tread the ferny tracks
And see the blue sky laughing through
Leaf-patterns up the glen.

But those glad days it was our love
Which gave the woods their joy.
To see us pass, the white wind-flowers
And new bright leaves so far above
Sang 'happy girl and boy!'

The woods are still as beautiful
As I walk there alone,
But sad, bare twigs are shivering,
The clouds with tears are sorrowful,
And sing 'their love is gone.'

JANET DAVIDSON, 6A.

IMPRESSIONS OF OUTWARD BOUND, G27, DEVON

WHEN we arrived at Holme Park on the morning of 27th June, we received a typical welcome: "We have a job for you as soon as you've unpacked!" We spent the whole day preparing for the other girls to arrive, for only those from Scotland came during the day.

This welcome was typical because from the moment we arrived until the moment we walked out to the bus when leaving we worked.

It is rather difficult to explain just how hard the work was, and how much success meant. We all knew the Outward Bound motto—"To serve, to strive and not to yield"—and we took it very seriously.

The whole point of Outward Bound is that it presents a challenge to every person taking part. For each person this challenge was different, but each had to accept it and overcome her fear.

The activities were varied so as to provide for this. Some required great physical exertion, for instance: walking on the moor, canoeing, rope-work. Some activities required mental effort, for instance: first-aid, mapping, discussion, public speaking. Some activities on the other hand required both, for instance: rock climbing, quest.

Most girls were of average physical fitness, so that the walking, which was our main activity, was a strain, extremely tiring, but not impossible for them. I was one of these. Each time we did any hill-walking we were exhausted by midday, for the pace became quicker throughout the course, but we had to carry on, summoning up that little bit of energy left.

The daily routine gave us few minutes to spare for washing, ironing, letterwriting, logs and other necessary chores so that we valued every moment and did not dare to waste any time.

We had Morning Assembly every day, when everyone, including instructors, took part in a simple, short service which was invaluable. After the first few days the girls took this service, and when we were camping, before setting out in the morning we said a prayer and sang a few verses of a hymn everyone knew. This simple, quiet fellowship strengthened us all.

I remember in particular one day when, during the Final Scheme, three of our girls were, as we thought, lost. Three of us, including the leader of our party of six, were making for the camp-site. We knew that if the others did not meet up with another group, the leader of which would have the name of the camp-site, they might have to spend the night on the moor, or in a barn. We were extremely worried, and then suddenly, each of us knew that the others were praying. We had not said anything, but it helped us tremendously to go on, and to pray even harder that the others had met with this group.

An important part of Outward Bound was that we were all from such different backgrounds. About one-third of the girls were still at school; others were typists, factory-workers of all sorts, office-workers and so on. The wonderful thing was that we were "thrown" together, either ten or twelve in a group, and we had to work together, as a team for a month. Each group had a group-tutor, who taught us such things as mapping, and went walking with us. There were group-competitions of different types, inspections of group-equipment, for which we were awarded marks. There was no prize for the best group. That was unnecessary. There was just the thrill of knowing that we had worked together as a team and achieved more, as a team, than any other group.

Because of the great diversity of types of girl there were varying degrees of physical fitness, and varying degrees of intelligence. This meant that each girl in a group had to pull her weight. In this way team-spirit was built up. Some girls were out on the moor for only about an hour when they became exhausted. The others, therefore, had to pull them along by the hands, and even, in some cases, take their rucksacks. No one complained, no one remarked on this. It was just accepted. Some were more able than others to walk on the moor carrying a heavy rucksack.

I had done a certain amount of map-reading at school, and therefore found mapping quite easy, though working with the compass and map was rather difficult at first. It was fascinating to apply what we had learned at school to practical circumstances, to see Dartmoor, which we had learned about, to see the tors. One does more than see and hear Dartmoor I think. One feels it. Probably this happens in any lonely, desolate moor.

It was rather a shock to me to find that two of the girls had never done Geography at school, and had never read a map. Both were factory-workers, doing monotonous work. One of these girls shared a tent with me each time we did any camping. When I realised that I would be camping with her I was rather apprehensive, as she was from an utterly different background. We should be working together and sleeping together, and I wondered just what we should find to talk about. This was a rather snobbish feeling, I know. She was also, at first, extremely miserable, because she felt inferior. She was, however, intelligent, and we became great friends, sharing all the other activities. She soon found that she could walk, climb and canoe just as well as the others, and much better than some.

This, I decided, was my challenge: to encourage Marion, and help her to enjoy it. I had to go as far as persuading her not to phone home to her Welfare Office to say she wanted to go home. Outward Bound helped both of us, and by the end, Marion was just as sorry as everyone else to leave.

By the end of the second week, we were running the course, i.e. attending to inspections and duties. This gave each girl a responsibility so that if she saw anything which needed to be done she did it.

Apart from the organised scheme of work, talks and discussions, while we were in camp and in our dormitories, we discussed very varying topics. These just came up in general conversation. A main talking-point was religion; others were our interests and hobbies, family-life, friendships and education. The last was extremely interesting. We came to the conclusion that Scottish education is better than English. There were two Scots, one Canadian and nine English girls in our Group!

What never ceased to amaze me throughout the course was the way in which we all lived together so well. There were twelve in our group, very different, and we worked, ate and slept together and were all extremely happy. Our co-operation was shown in the fact that we won the Group Competition which was a great honour.

But Outward Bound, its spirit and its smile do not merely last for the course. They remain and can never be completely forgotten. I know it has helped me to be more tolerant of other people, to look for the best in others, to keep smiling, to take up new interests and to use every minute of my time to best advantage.

At Outward Bound we had to keep smiling, for the others, if nothing else. If one was miserable, then her dejection became infectious. We wanted to keep smiling for our wonderful instructors and Group-Tutors. These are some of the finest people I have ever met, and I can never forget them.

Outward Bound has made a great impression on me: and I am proud to have done such a course. But above all, I am extremely thankful that I have had such a wonderful chance to meet with others and share tasks and difficulties.

I only hope that the number of girls who represent Edinburgh may be multiplied in future years, and that they may enjoy and benefit from the Outward Bound course as much as I have.

VIDA MOWAT, 6A.

THE OLD GROOM'S LAMENT

My day is long past.
Oh, to be young,
Carefree, agile and lusty of lung!
But now 'tis Winter,
I'm old and grey
And I, like others, will make my way
At last, to my Lord
In Heav'n above,
Who made all the animals that I love.

JOYCE BEATSON, 3L1.

SPANISH WATERS

A Chatty Discourse Thereon

THE Clyde was smothered in a fine drizzle of rain. As we looked over the water it was like looking into a living picture, painted by an artist inspired to paint delicately in shades of blue and grey. The water glistened. The waves rippled. The sky steadily poured out its wet heart on the ship.

Was this the beginning we had chosen for our cruise? Certainly it was not our choice, but Mother Nature had not chosen badly, for thus we left our land as we most often know it—wet, and beautiful in its wetness.

We left our land in the mood of people who travel little. The cheers of the parents, of the dock-workers floated over our heads and we watched the scene before us without completely taking it in.

We had not had time to think in the past weeks—to dream; anticipating the places we would visit. Where were we going? Whom were we going with?

We were going with seven hundred other people who contrasted sharply with each other and who had to learn to live together in comparative peace in one short fortnight. Can people who carry flick-knives live with people who think little of three or four Highers? They can.

In our one small world of a ship a type of class distinction soon grew up.

The officers, holding themselves superior as the highest class—the aristocrats, the experienced ones—pausing only occasionally to smile at one of the older girls, were surprisingly shy, as we thought, for sailors. But these men soon earned our sympathy—surely it must be maddening to have a crowd of kids overrunning your once peaceful and orderly ship?

Were they all children, these "kids"? Amongst themselves little "classes" sorted themselves out. The older ones from the junior ones, the senior secondary from the junior secondary; it was surprising how clearly marked were the differences.

In out-of-school hours the Recreation Room became a sort of down-town cafe, with the juke-box as the focal point, and the canteen doing a roaring trade. The decks became a species of Princes Street where the others could walk and talk and indulge more in amusing themselves than in being amused by something.

The debates were attended by one class; the films and concerts by another. One class sunbathed in gangs: another in smaller groups. One class went to bed—if one may say that on board a ship—on time: another played around and then, finally, kept quiet.

But this is generalisation. What did people do in particular?—they enjoyed themselves.

They enjoyed themselves working, for there is great novelty in working in a room with a moving floor and a waste-paper basket which rolls noisily out of sight at the most inopportune moments.

They enjoyed themselves out of school, for the "down-town cafe" and "Princes Street" managed to suit all tastes, and "Pepsi-cola" and "Orange" are universally popular.

They enjoyed themselves dancing, for there was jiving and ballroom dancing. They enjoyed themselves eating—when they could—for the food was very good. They enjoyed themselves sleeping, for bunks are apt to take some getting used to. They enjoyed themselves talking to the Asian crew, to the European crew, writing their letters home, receiving letters from home, buying their *Dunera* pendants, and, in short, doing everything—the whole variety of things there were to do.

The most enjoyed times, though, were the trips ashore. The magnificence of our welcome at Corunna could only be equalled by the magnificence of our taxi tour of Gibraltar! As we sat in state in our Zodiac we felt very superior, and not in the least "touristy."

We climbed Gibraltar in our taxis and viewed the amazing panorama spreading southwards at our feet. We gazed raptly at the glistening beauty of a scene which made us feel indeed "on the edge of the Orient." We stepped ashore at Corunna and immediately absorbed the atmosphere of the place—and were immediately absorbed in a crowd of extremely handsome boys—everyone knows the Spaniards are gallant, but this was wonderful! Many of us will never return to Spain or Portugal or Gibraltar, but we will remember them. There is something distinctly "different" in being rudely awakened at 7 a.m. by a half-dead voice which bids us "Good morning" and is followed by a hearty record of "Reveille Rock," and then dressing and breakfasting to step ashore into a new land—a land which was only real to us in pictures and books, but which now became alive in our memories.

The memories of the young, they say, retain their impressions. Our impressions will surely be retained. We were the first cruise, the experimental one, the one which was to sort out all the problems for the rest. We did that, I think, although the staff must still be untying knots.

Are there criticisms of this "voyage of discovery"; is there much to be improved? There is a fair amount.

Would not a cruise for, say, over-15's be more workable? And another for younger people could have more staff. Discipline could be more strictly enforced on some occasions and the rule of tidiness—on deck and below deck—could be more closely observed.

But most of our experiment was above criticism. The doctors and nurses were marvellous, the staff was understanding and the pursers long-suffering.

So we enjoyed ourselves. The cruise was a success. We learnt about seasickness and Spain, about lifeboat drill and the smell in the Cafeteria. We found our sea-legs and we lost them. We danced merrily in the evening and groaned whole-heartedly all night. We worked slowly during school-time and hung greenly over the rails inbetween-times.

We will tell our friends we enjoyed ourselves and that they should go on one of the other trips. We would ourselves if we could afford it!

The experiment gave the correct reaction with a few unexpected by-products. This is the root of real education, which does not come from mere "swotting." "Swotting" is out-dated. Let modern education flourish.

MARY MIDDLEMIST, 5P.

HERE AND THERE

Form 6a—

N.A.—

J.B.—

R.C.—

J.D.—

P.G.—

C.J.—

K.J.—

B.L. and E.T.—

V.M.—

C.P.—

K.T.—

E.W.—

M.W.—

Staff—

'Tis little, very little, all
That they can do between them.
Thank Heaven, for little boys.
Alas! she has no speech.
With such hair too!
Even saints sometimes forget themselves in
session.
Hail foreign wonder!
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me.
Stout of heart and strong of limb.
A vengeance on them! They have vile long nails.
Immortal Vida!
A thing endued with sense.
A fairy thing with red, round cheeks.
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy.
Little things mean a lot.
1. She drew from them what they derived from
Heaven.
2. His message will be short and voluble.
3. Do I contradict myself?
Very well then, I contradict myself.
4. And froze me by a look.
5. But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
Go on. It's a dare!
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise.
Maids whom there were none to love and very
few to praise.
Something between a hindrance and a help.
The proper study of mankind is Man.
May madness and sorrows carry off them who
harry me.

1st Year—

2nd Year—

3rd Year—

4th Year—

6th Year—

Prefects—

<i>School Lunches—</i>	Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined.
<i>On leaving school—</i>	I know not which course to pursue: I am of two minds.
<i>General Subjects—</i>	This is mere moral babble. The still returning tale and ling'ring jest.
<i>Swotting—</i>	Keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work. The pains and penalties of idleness.
<i>Exams—</i>	O, I have ta'en too little care of this. How many despicable quibbles are there in grammar and rhetoric?
<i>In the Library—</i>	Sleep seized me and I passed into a dream.
<i>Swimming at Warrender—</i>	'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks and sights unholy.
<i>Gymnastics—</i>	I could not imagine that I could touch the heavens with my two arms.
<i>5th Year Hockey—</i>	Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold of dire necessity.
<i>Orchestra—</i>	Hark, hark! the horrid sound.
<i>Mathematicians—</i>	The cross-grained Muses of the cube and square.
<i>Highers' Results—</i>	And I without a hope remain. Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind. Such ghastly visions have I of despair.
<i>Early Morning—</i>	Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more."
<i>3.30 p.m.—</i>	Nothing is here for tears. 'Tis time to leave the books in dust.

CENSUS—1961

Are you married, are you single,
Have you got your birth-date straight?
Are you British or a mingle,
Does your lodger share your plate?

Who, I wonder, heads the house?
(I hope you're not perturbed by doubt),
Put down "Mother"!—save a grouse—
Where is Father? Good, he's out!

Now let me see! Whom have we got?
There's John, Mary, me and Sadie,
That's them all—I've got the lot.
No, drat it all! I've missed the baby!

What a worry this has been! . . .
I wonder, do they count the Queen?
Really it's an awful fuss,
Just quite stupid, this census.

HAZEL ONWIN, 5C.



LORD OF THE BOOKWORMS

IF you happen to ride along Charles Street in a car; if you happen to possess a faculty for observing which need only be sufficient to earn half marks for Kim's Game—it is not necessary to aspire to the heights of Poirot or Maigret—your attention will be caught. By then, of course, the car you are travelling in will be out of sight of the object in question. But most interested people at least make a mental note, "I must go there sometime." In the case of an American tourist it is highly probable that he would be satisfied with one look, would bite hard into his cigar, bring his bumptious vehicle to a shuddering halt amid a demoniacal screech of brakes and step out with a purposeful air, clutching his costly camera, as intent as a bulldog to sniff out, pursue and, if possible, purchase.

A pedestrian who is not hurrying to school, to a business appointment or to the dentist would not, even if he were the type who seldom lets his curiosity overcome his conventionality, be content to pass this thing.

The object in question is, of all the things to meet in an Edinburgh street, a rhinoceros. Yes . . . a rhino! . . . a great ghoulish creature, which stares balefully out at you from its guileless, glass eyes. He can hardly be described as inviting you in. His vacant, slightly disinterested expression can only, for want of a better word, be entreating you to enter. Well! Striped poles herald chemists, three balls a pawn shop but what does a rhino signify? Does some Dickensian Mr Venus go about his gory business using skewers stuck into sparrows as toasting forks? This shop might be a taxidermist's but it is not. It might be the Home of African Antiquities, but it is not. It is—yes, believe it or not—a bookshop. Is it possible that a rhino head will become the sign for a bookshop? Where is the connection between the two? Is the association between rhinos and Boers and bores and books enough to merit this monumental mask on the landscape?

This is no ordinary bookshop, although like others of its species it too is hung with that aura of silent serenity which few dare to break. Only paperback books are sold. These range in subject from "Lady Loverley's Chatter" to "The Essays of Lord Acton," and in price from two-and-six to twenty shillings. The American tourist would not be able to add this shop to his list of "cute" and "quaint" things belonging to the Scots as it is run by a compatriot of his.

The shop is small and lined with rows of insecure bookshelves. In some places passage is very awkward and I have seen myself walk round a bookcase and approach my goal from a different direction rather than break the spell of silence and ask a terrifyingly artistic student to let me, a mere schoolgirl, past. Further exploration is difficult and entails a journey where you sometimes successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully, try to avoid basket chairs, stoves, labradors and feet. I just missed falling down a little black pit into which you were cordially invited to have some coffee—free (donations gratefully received).

I did not, that day, avail myself of the kind invitation and descend the secretive, stone steps, fearing that I would be faced with my unconfirmed (and probably entirely false) impression of a German Ratskeller with beer, beards, gypsies and the like. One thing I am sure of and that is if any wet Saturday afternoon you find yourself with nothing to do there is ample entertainment in the Paperback, which has the curious and commendable quality of attracting to it some of the most unusual and exhilarating personalities you are ever likely to come across in the Capital.

ISOBEL JOHNSTONE, 5M.

THOUGHTS

Warm Air,

Blue Sky,
And not a care in the world.
Let's forget
A world torn with strife
And nations rife
With war.

Hard Earth,

Biting Wind,
Refugees round a smouldering fire.
We can't forget
The world we're passing through
But alas we do
Try.

ELIZABETH BALSILLIE, 5C.

WILHELMINA WIMPLE

MISS WIMPLE looked out of the window onto a grey morning. The last of the yellow leaves drifted down from the sad black twigs. The bowling had stopped now. Dora always loved the bowling. She would sit at the window and watch. She was out shopping just now. She was always out shopping. Dear Dora. And a wistful shadow passed across Miss Wimple's pale grey-blue eyes.

Yes, she must hurry. It was a quarter past ten now. She would go round to the "Reading Room." She went through to her bedroom. "Is it really the wrong green?" she wondered, as she put on her new hat. Dora had suggested that. Dora might be able to dye it or something. She was always altering her hats. No, Wilhelmina did not think she would risk it. After she had checked the time by the clock that was always ten minutes fast and made sure she had her key, she went out.

A little dormouse-like old lady, slightly hunched, her face gently framed with wispy white-grey hair, her green hat, not quite matching her green coat, walked slowly in the fresh autumn air down the road beside the bowling green. She thought sadly how autumn was slipping away and how soon the grey wet-black winter would come. She thought of God and His Eternal Summer and these sad thoughts fled. A little secret smile disturbed the wrinkles on her sweet face and her blue eyes lit up and she quickened her step to the "Reading Room."

She thought of the people passing to and fro. Some busy, some troubled, some uninterested, some uninteresting, but all preoccupied, all probably wrestling with some mundane material problem. Wilhelmina let God solve her problems. She carried on little problem-solving talks with God in her mind. She felt happy. She wondered who would call in today.

There was Mrs Babb, loudly, tirelessly monopolising a conversation with a victim outside the fruiterer's. Wilhelmina slipped past. She did not want Mrs Babb to sap her spirit of its little flow of happiness. She knew she could. She had done so before and had sapped her physical strength too. Dora had been so kind, so understanding after that visit. She crossed the road. It was a pity the "Reading Room" was in this little street. The sun never got a chance to shine on the yellow-edged pages of the old Bibles laid open at particular texts. Its rays never formed a halo around the picture of Christ. They were never seen to illuminate the pamphlets about Christian Science. Yes, it was a pity. Miss Wimple liked the sun.

She sat for an hour in her little book-lined room and no one called. However, she was happy with God. She liked solitude and quiet, she told herself. She liked colouring the lives of the saintly men in her books with imagination. She liked being alone with the Word of God.

She must get back now. She must see to the lunch. Dora liked her to lay the table and to do a few other little things. Dora was such a good cook. Wilhelmina could scarcely boil potatoes.

After she had taken off her coat and hat and had carefully put them away she began to lay the table. Thinking how pleased Dora would be, for she always noticed, Miss Wimple gave the silver a special rub up. She put on the potatoes, just remembering the salt in time. She smiled to herself at this. Going to and fro from the kitchen to the dining-room she sang a little. Her quiet voice was very sweet and gentle.

Her little tasks finished, she settled down in the armchair at the window to wait for Dora. She read the *Herald*. She saw that Mrs Bissett had had a little baby girl. "I must tell Dora," she said to herself. She rose, hands clasped in her lap, one thumb stroking the other and looked out patiently and with quiet happiness for Dora.

There was Dora now, parcels in profusion hanging from one hand, her gloves in the other, coming up the road beside the bowling green. She was looking up at the window and she waved her gloves and gave Wilhelmina her twinkle of a smile. And "Minnie" smiled happily and waved back. She was so fond of her. She wondered what she had been up to this morning. Dear Dora—and with a tuneful little chuckle she went to open the door for her sister.

And the golden leaves went on floating down from the stark black twigs. But the greyness of the morning was mellowing for the sun had come out and it now shone fondly on the bowling green.

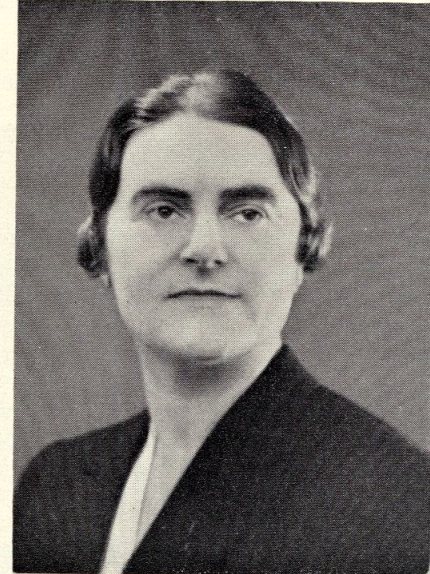
ROSEMARY JOHNSTONE, 5M.

ON BEING PENNILESS

MONEY is a necessity; money is a nuisance; money is the root of all evil; agreed. If one has too little, one complains; if one has too much, one still complains, therefore the obvious conclusion is that one can only be completely happy with practically none at all.

Sometimes it feels hard to be in this state, especially when one has known people who can legitimately enter a bank and cash a cheque. On other occasions, it does not seem to matter at all. For a few coppers one can climb on a bus, mount the stairs, go and sit at the front of the vehicle and enjoy a bird's-eye view of life, preferably when travelling along Princes Street. The role of completely detached spectator is entirely one's own and the ever-changing kaleidoscope of life flashes its myriad patterns before delighted eyes.

From a low-slung coupe, the view is not so agreeable. The temper becomes frayed because of traffic jams, lights, policemen, children and dogs on zebra crossings, and being constantly menaced by "road hogs." One is then no longer a spectator but a partaker and the whole effect is lost.



Miss ALLIE L. ANDERSON



Miss ANNA M. MUNRO, M.A.

"Each turned his face with a ghastly pang."



ROSEMARY JOHNSTONE

FORM 5M.1



ISOBEL JOHNSTONE

FORM 5M.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son

"Then, venom, to thy work."

To sit "where all the best people sat at one time in their lives," in the upper tier of a concert hall and to have a marvellous view of the proceedings is only granted to those whose slender purses cannot bear to part with too many of their contents at once. The beauty of true melody melts away all discomforts and lifts one into the halcyon uplands of dreams.

The dreams of men like Peter Tchaikowsky, that master of lyricism, romanticism and pure musical charm are projected on waves of singing sound to the rapt listeners. The rather tragic humour of Mozart is felt more poignantly by souls whose mortal lives have been tinged with sadness too; and the splendours of the greatest of them all, Ludwig van Beethoven bring visions of days long past and faded, new again, into the minds of those who love his music.

For a threepenny stamp, one can set down on paper all the current happenings in one's daily life and send the letter off to a beloved and eager reader. With what anticipation does one await the letter in return. With what joy does one recognise the handwriting on the envelope and savour the delicious excitement of putting the epistle in one's pocket until a quiet moment and an equally quiet corner can be found in which surreptitiously to draw the precious envelope from its resting place, slit the top and unfold the thick paper with trembling hands. A glow overspreads one at the loving greeting, laughter ripples at the enchanting humour of the truly innocent, and words of wisdom are assimilated into one's very heart. Such is the letter of a little German nun. For a matter of shillings, soldiers will march under a crisp moonlit sky, pipers will play their singing airs, and excited folk "frae doon the watter" will make one laugh with their broad ejaculations and their remarks on the Secretary of State for Scotland, Maclay. "Aw, he's a Tory—whaur's Philip!" All this is set in the most historical, mysterious and haunted spot in Edinburgh, the Castle in moonlight.

It is most important in life to have dreams, be they seemingly fantastic and completely unrealisable, they help to make the bumpy road of life more bearable. Looking at pictures of far-away places (modern methods of travel have not made the world contract in the imagination) on dreams of travelling in Europe, of sailing away to India, or boarding a Cunarder and visiting the United States, and one's virile imagination carries one swiftly on the magic carpet of invention to the chosen places of exploration.

There are no limitations in dreams. Their scope is the height of heaven and the depth of the sea. Perhaps we shall never see these places, but it does not seem to matter, we have spent enchanted hours of eager enjoyment—money cannot buy the stuff of dreams.

ELIZABETH DOWNIE, 5P.

PERRI

HE was the strangest person I have ever met. He was a venerable patriarch, whose hair had long since turned as white as the snow on top of a mountain, and who walked with a pronounced stoop, as if carrying the cares of the world on his frail shoulders, aided in this supreme effort of physical toil by his much-used walking-stick. His fingers were bent and gnarled, but his grip was firm. His brown, wizened face reminded me of a baby monkey—sad-looking and earnest. But his real nature was betrayed by the mischievous twinkle in his eye, belying his gloomy features. He wore a soft, floppy hat which he pulled down over his brow, and which I only once saw him remove. Under his arm he carried a dog-eared bird-book, his greatest treasure, for inside was a beautiful picture of a peregrine falcon, his favourite bird.

His name was Iain McAndrew. When he was a youth, in the prime of his long life, he had been out walking on the east coast of Scotland one day, drinking in the fresh sea air and absorbing its vigour into his very blood-stream. In a sudden burst of energy, he had climbed to the top of a cliff, and, looking over the edge, saw there was a steep, almost vertical drop to the ground. He suddenly noticed a large splash of white half-way down the cliff side, and realising that it was bird-lime, he excitedly embarked upon the dangerous descent. After negotiating a difficult spot, he at last reached what he could not see was a ledge. Something moved. With growing excitement, he reached the ledge to find two chicks, noisily showing their resentment of his intrusion. Beside them lay a beautiful orange-red egg, that of a peregrine falcon.

He stooped down slowly and carefully lifted one of the chicks. Suddenly the silent landscape was rudely awakened from its reverie by a resounding yell. The chick had sharp claws! Evidently he had not been careful enough! He replaced the miscreant, took off his jacket, and wrapped it round his hand. That was better! The chick's claws, be they sharp as needles, could not penetrate several layers of good Harris tweed! He decided to make him a pet. Slowly he made the difficult ascent, inch by nerve-racking inch, until at last the top was gained. Whew! He was tired!

Taking the peregrine home, he reared him by hand until he was old enough to hunt for his own food. Perri, as he was called, was then taken to his birth-place and freed, never to return, as Iain sadly thought. On obtaining this unexpected freedom, Perri flew swiftly into the air, a bright blue flash of lightning, mounting high in the sky, then plunging earthwards, drawn by some powerful magnet. Iain watched him wistfully for some time, then reluctantly he turned his broad back on the bird and returned home sadly but resolutely. Why did it have to happen this way? Life was cruel sometimes.

That night he was rudely awakened by a sharp pain in his side and a loud "hak" in his ear. He must surely be in the throes of some dreadful disease and succumbing to its master, Death. He opened his eyes, and saw Perri, who began to rub his wicked bill quite softly across Iain's cheek. "About time, too," Perri seemed to say reproachfully.

This nocturnal visit became a habit, until one day, the bird did not appear, and Iain's old fear returned. Perri must have gone forever. This alarming supposition was seemingly confirmed by the bird's constant absence . . . until one unforgettable night, Perri returned. But what was wrong? Why was the bird flying in and out of the window? Iain hastily jumped out of bed, skidded on the rug, and arrived at the window clutching the sill for support. Outside another, larger version of Perri was nervously flying about, trying to persuade him to join her. The truth dawned. Perri had found a mate—the young tiercel had found his falcon.

MARJORY MILNE, 4L.

CASEY AND THE FENCE

TAKING ponies to graze is usually an interesting but normal occurrence, but have you ever tried taking a donkey? Several weeks ago a few of my friends and I were allotted the task of taking five ponies and one donkey to new pasture. To reach the field we had to jump a small fence.

All the ponies took it in grand style but Casey refused to look at it! He just braced his four little legs and refused. Casey must have jumped over the same fence dozens of times in his small life because the ponies and he are turned out to grass annually. We tried everything but no amount of persuasion would make him jump. He grew more and more obstinate, till at one point it took four of us to make him trot, two pulling and two pushing! When anybody called him a name, he would just turn his head and look at her with his two baleful eyes and dig his hooves more firmly into the earth.

At last somebody suggested lifting him over. This was greeted with unanimous laughter, but a few minutes later we were all joining in to lift a part of Casey over.

He remained motionless half-way between heaven and earth.

First of all two people sat on the fence to make it as low as possible, then the rest of us rallied round for a piece of weight-lifting. We raised both his forelegs off the ground and placed them on the far side of the fence. Casey was now half on one side and half on the other. A wooden pole was procured from some unknown place and this was placed just above his hocks. Everybody heaved and gradually one complete donkey was deposited on the far side.

He eyed the new pasture with an approving eye, and then galloped round in circles, bucking madly all the time!

MHAIRI GUNN, 2F1.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION 1961

General Subjects

2nd—MARGARET A. WATT.

Classics

2nd—JANET F. DAVIDSON.

3rd—KATHRYN B. THOMPSON.

John Welsh Classical Bursary

1st—JANET F. DAVIDSON.

3rd—KATHRYN B. THOMPSON.

ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY BURSARY COMPETITION 1961

Faculty of Medicine

Taylor Thomson Bursaries

DOREEN G. PAE.

CLARE A. PIRIE.

THE NIGHT THE TV BROKE DOWN

ONE night recently I switched on our TV to see "what was on." To my amazement I was confronted by thick vertical lines with some bright dots on them and thin horizontal lines running across them. "Ah!" I thought, "Modern Art!" This delighted me.

I watched this for about ten minutes, but the picture did not alter. I grabbed the *Radio Times* and found that this was supposed to be "Maverick."

"It's probably caused by the tube," I reassured the rest. "I'll soon fix it."

I screwed off the back of the set, pulled out a mass of wires and dead cowboys and dusted the tube. While I was at it, I regulated the reprocator and readjusted the thermo-contrastatt. The operation completed, I screwed the back on once more and switched on.

Wonder of Wonders! I got a picture. It was President Kennedy upside down singing "God Save the Queen" in French. I reached for my hammer.

ELIZABETH DALLAS, 1F3.

CONGO

Something compelled me to look.
I turned and there she was.
"I am Beauty," she said.
I shuddered and turned away.
There was no Beauty there.
There was only a child,
Dirty, ragged and repulsive.
Her stomach was bloated—
Malnutrition, I thought—
And her body was covered with running sores.
"I am Beauty," she said,
And I could not speak.
She smiled at me.
At last I spoke.
"You are ugly," cried
And turned and ran.
And then behind me,
She said, "I am Beauty."
Her eye-lashes brushing her tears,
She stared at me.
"You are Beauty," I whispered.
I understood at last,
For Youth is Beauty
And she was young.
It was not she who had wasted her body,
It was, it was . . .
I remembered the years before.
The war had done this.
I protested, but I knew even then
The blame was mine.
Had I not urged the war
To save Humanity, to save Youth
And to save Beauty?
This was the result.
The words returned once more.
I cringed under their mockery.
"I am Beauty," she said.

ROSEMARY A. CATHEL, 6A.

GILLESPIE'S SCHOOL GRACE

O gie us meat that we can eat,
And then we'll maybe chance it—
No drap it doon amangst oor feet
After the Lord we've thankit.

ANNE SIBBALD, 5C.

THE SONG OF THE PIRATE

(From the Spanish of Jose de Espronceda. An extract from
"La Cancion del Pirata.")

With ten cannons on each side
And the wind in the stern,
My swift-sailing brigantine
Does not cut the sea, but ruffles along
Under full sail.
From end to end of the charted sea
My pirate boat is called the *Temido*
Because of its bravery.

The moon makes a path in the sea,
The winds whines in the canvas,
And lifts with soft movement
Waves of silver and blue;
And in the stern the pirate Captain
Is singing happily, and sees
Asia on one side, Europe on the other
And Istambul in front.
Sail, my ship, without fear,
No enemy ship, or storm, or fair weather
Can change your course, overtake you,
Or subdue your valour.

My ship is my treasure,
My god liberty.
My law strength and the wind,
My only native land the sea.

Sentenced to death, I laugh:
For fortune does not abandon me.
I laugh at my sentence
Which would deal with me by hanging,
Perhaps in my own ship.
And if I die
What is life but for losing?
Tell me now!
The harsh burden of the slave is shaken off.

My music is the north wind,
The noise and tremor of the shaking cables
In the black, howling sea,
And the roar of my cannons,
The thunder of a gun,
The violence of the wind.
I call to them.
I sleep,
Calmed,
Lulled
By the sea.

HEATHER WOOD, 4L.

THE TEDDY BOYS

To young men of this modern age,
Edwardian suits are all the rage,
They are the most fantastic hues
Of reds and mauves and greens and blues.
But some, more sombre, favour black,
With jackets hanging like a sack.
To get these trousers on, they must
Employ a shoe horn or they'll "bust."
Beneath those narrow drainpipe trews
We see a pair of pointed shoes.
To crown all this, they have on top
A head of hair like mother's mop!

PATRICIA SUTHERLAND, 1F1.

WITHOUT MERCY

Fierce, vital . . .
a ray of sunlight,
Touched, fingered,
as rippling gold
Over swaying grasses . . .
shatters the gloom.

Quivering, tense . . .
like an uncertain bull,
Fear gripped me.
A tight knot,
My heart shrank.

I crumpled defencelessly
into the stagnant murk,
Down, dragging my corpse . . .
to the bosom of Satan.

FIONA LETHAM, 5M.

DOGS

There are Borzois,
There are Afghan Hounds,
And Poodles by the score.
There are Corgis and Dalmatians
And oh, so many more.
There are dogs of every nation,
There are dogs both great and small,
But to me my little mongrel
Is the nicest dog of all.

JEAN OGILVIE, 1L.

A CAUTIONARY TALE

A small Gillespie girl called Jane
Was told to wear her hat—in vain!
The prefects and the staff would bark
“ You'll need to get an Order Mark ”
Even her mother called her “ brat,”
But still she would not wear her hat!

At last one day in bleak December
The pipes all froze you will remember.
The very milk did almost freeze;
The birds dropped frozen from the trees.
But heedless of the frost and snow,
Jane hatless to the school would go.

But on the way she felt so cold
She wished she'd done as she was told.
She soon began to cough and splutter,
And under her breath was heard to mutter,
“ Mother I think I'll need to phone ya,
For I am sure I've got pneumonia! ”

CLASS, 2L2.

A NEW ARRIVAL

Nappies blowing on the line,
Bootees in the press.
Visitors at all odd times,
House in a mess!

MARGARET ANDERSON, 3L3.

THE PUPPY IN THE PET SHOP

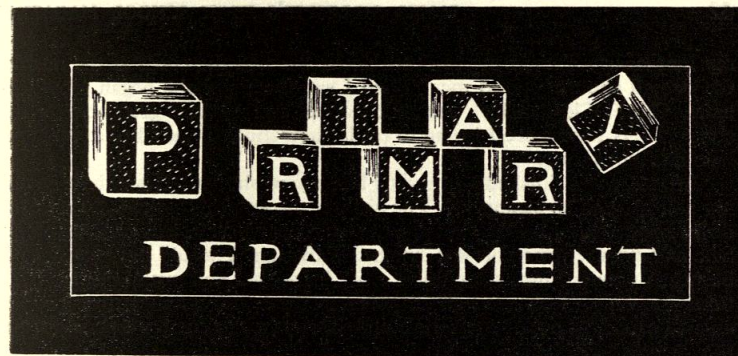
There's a puppy in the pet shop
Just over eight weeks old.
He's a little cocker spaniel
And he's waiting to be sold.

The puppy watches hopefully
The customers who come
To buy a pup or kitten
With a tubby little “ tum.”

A little girl has entered.
She's smiling at the pup
And talking to her mother.
Are they going to pick him up?

They've called the shop-girl over.
His tail is wagging fast.
They have—they've really bought him.
And he's found a home at last.

CATHERINE HASTIE, 1F1.



A VISIT TO PARLIAMENT

WHILE I was staying in London last year my family and I were invited to visit the Houses of Parliament. When we arrived at Parliament House, a policeman escorted us up a magnificent hall the walls of which were covered with beautiful paintings. We were then shown into another hall which had a magnificent chandelier and the ceiling of the hall had been so painted and carved that it was really exquisite. Our names were taken and we were then given a little pink card which admitted us to the gallery. As we were being shown up the heavily carpeted stairs, we were introduced to Michael Clark Hutchison, our M.P.

After about two hours listening to the discussions between the Prime Minister and other M.P.s, Mr Clark Hutchison asked us if we should like to have tea on the terrace. After we had had tea we took some photographs of Mr Clark Hutchison, and he gave my sister and me his autograph. It was a most enjoyable afternoon and one that I shall never forget.

VALERIE LINDORES, Primary 7(1).

MY BUDGERIGAR

I OWN a little budgerigar named Buddy. She is very attractive with a green body and yellow head. She has six black spots round her neck and purple markings near her eyes. On her left foot Buddy has a red ring dated 25th May 1959.

Every morning, Buddy takes a bath in a soup plate and when she has finished she looks very bedraggled and dejected. When she is bored, Buddy drills my nose with her beak. She has laid nineteen eggs but none of them have hatched. My budgie does a very strange thing, so strange that I wrote to the *Evening News* vet. She can be hypnotised. Whenever we make a clucking noise or touch her throat her eyes go glassy and she arches her back. The “ vet.” does not know what causes this. Budgerigars are said to live about seven years. I hope Buddy lives as long as that too.

GAIL RICHARDS, Primary 7(1).

GOING TO THE HAIRDRESSER'S

I HATE going to the hairdresser's and Mother has to force me before I will go.

I used to have long hair and one day I decided that it was time I had it cut so I went along to a hairdresser's. First of all the girl that was doing

my hair nearly choked me to death when she tied the cords at the neck of the overall she put round me. Then I sat down and she began to cut my hair. Clip! Clip! Clip! went her scissors and my hair grew shorter and shorter. As I sat there I began to realise how much I had liked it when my hair had been long.

After she was finished cutting my hair she washed it. How I hate having my hair washed by strangers! The girl put the water in my ears, in my eyes, down my neck, and everywhere but the right place. Next she curled my hair and by the time she was finished I thought I would have been bald. She then wheeled into the cubicle a big hair-dryer and put me under it. I think the only thing good about going to the hairdresser's is that you are able to catch up on all the serials and stories in the comics and magazines they keep there.

By the time my hair was dry I felt boiled, roasted and stewed all in one but at least my hair was a success, though I walked out of the shop feeling very, very glad that it was all over.

JEAN GUNN, Primary 7(2).

CAPSIZED

IT was a sunny day last summer when my father and I decided to go out for a sail in our yacht *Caravel*. On the beach lay hundreds of dead jelly fish and we were wondering whether we should go out. After much shoving and pushing we got the boat on to the sand.

We had just got out of the bay when my father discovered that someone had been playing around with the ropes which held the boom in place. Father was busy tying the ropes properly and did not notice that we were drifting further out of the bay than we had intended going and that, as the wind was getting stronger, it would only take one strong blast to capsize us. At last Father had sorted the ropes and we started back. We were just inside the bay when a great gust of wind bowled us over. Father was thrown into the water but I clung to the side of the boat. We managed to right the boat but she was too full of water to bring her in under sail. However, we were towed in by a fisherman who had been inspecting his lobster pots. As soon as we reached the shore, I was sent up for a hot bath and then I was sent to bed with a hot drink and comics.

ELIZABETH MORRIS, Primary 7(2).

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

ONE evening in April, last year, the family determined to go to the *Edinburgh Evening News* Ideal Home Exhibition. When we reached the Waverley Market, I begged my mother to let me buy a newspaper. Having bought it we all looked at the password except my father who merely glanced at it. We looked at many stalls until suddenly we were stopped at the Crisp stand by a man who asked my father what the password was. My father said with some hesitation "Niddrie Mains." The gentleman asked my parent if he had the paper. As we had the newspaper the man told us that if we went to the theatre, in the hall, at 8 o'clock we should have a wonderful surprise. Wondering what we should receive, we made our way through the crowds to the theatre. As it was full, we just managed to have separate seats. At the prizegiving we were told that we were to receive the star prize of the evening, a lovely, large refrigerator!

MARGARET SLATER, Primary 6(1).

NEARLY JAILED

WE were driving along a lonely Highland road with the August sun pouring down on us. Thinking that we might not "have it so good" for the rest of our holidays we decided to stop the car and take a look at one of the many peat-stacks. This peaceful scene was marred only by a landrover which kept continually driving back and forward. After smelling the peat to see if it had any smell, we decided to take a small piece with us.

A little while later we reached Forres. When we were nearly in the centre of the town a policeman put up his hand to stop us. "RSC 781?" he inquired. "Yes," answered my father with a rather puzzled look on his face. "Could I have the keys to your boot?" the policeman asked. My father handed them over inquiring what he was looking for. Holding up the piece of peat he said with a smile on his face, "This." After explaining to us that the person in the landrover thought we were stealing the peat he told us that the sergeant would want to make a full report about it. As he had a bike we followed him to the police-station. At the police-station we discovered that apparently the peats in the bog belonged to no one and anybody could take them but the stacked peats were other people's property. The sergeant took down father's name and address but he explained that this did not mean that proceedings would be taken against us.

LINDA TENNENT, Primary 6(1).

"HATS OFF, STRANGERS!"

THAT is what the policeman says in the House of Commons when Mr Speaker's Procession passes by. During a recent visit to London we spent some time in the Houses of Parliament. From the Strangers' Gallery we were lucky enough to hear the Prime Minister answering questions about his tour in America. A number of interruptions were made by various Members of Parliament. To do this they had to catch Mr Speaker's eye. He would call out a member's name and the member would argue with Mr Macmillan. There was much laughter and shouting, all very good-natured. I also noticed the Mace lying on the Speaker's table. In the Press Gallery which was opposite the one in which we were sitting, were many newspaper reporters all taking notes of subjects which interested them. Most of the notes were in shorthand.

Afterwards we went to the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Lords. We saw the Lord Chancellor, sitting on the "Woolsack," and wearing a wig and knee-breeches. There was also a Mace in the House of Lords. Here they were discussing road accidents and the speeches were longer and fewer. At the head of the house was the Queen's throne which was very high-backed, coloured gold and had the Royal Coat of Arms on the back. The House of Lords was far more decorative than the House of Commons, with beautiful paintings and carvings on the walls and ceiling. We came out at six o'clock and there were still over a hundred people hoping to go into the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons. It shows that a great many people are really interested in Parliamentary procedure.

ANNE COWELL, Primary 6(2).

AN UNFORGETTABLE HOLIDAY

DURING the summer holidays of 1960, I had the wonderful experience of visiting Canada. I set off on a Saturday morning in a state of great excite-

ment. The drive to the airport at Prestwick began my journeyings. I had time for only a very quick look round before my flight was called. The engines of my B.O.A.C. jet plane sprang to life, and a little later, at 11.15 a.m. we were airborne. Soon after mid-day we were over the Atlantic Ocean. Almost before we realised it, it was lunch-time when a delightful salad meal was served. The journey was most enjoyable from start to finish. I was met by my uncle at Montreal. During the first few days of my stay in Canada I felt very much of a stranger but I soon settled down. I felt I had become a real Canadian when I called for "cookies" instead of "biscuits." The different coinage was a trouble to me at first but before long I could go and do shopping on my own. After spending two weeks in Montreal sightseeing I went to Andover in Massachusetts which is an American state. During my stay there I visited many interesting places including Ausable Chasm and Frontier Town with its cowboys. Each day brought new places and new experiences and I have happy memories to last me all my life. All too soon came the end of the holiday and in a T.C.A. liner I flew back from a beautifully sunny Canada to a wet and dreary Scotland. But it was good to be home!

CAROL HEMPHILL, Primary 6(2).

A WALK

ONE day in Italy while I was going for a walk with Daddy and Mummy through the quaint little village near our hotel, a most surprising thing happened. A little old lady with hardly any teeth and a black dress beckoned to us to come into her house. She seemed very anxious and so we went in.

We saw many things but what surprised us most was that she kept sheep and goats in a walled ditch. Then she led us through a dark passage to a fig orchard. She showed us how to peel the figs. Maria, as she was called, gave us dozens of figs which we accepted although I did not really like them but I did not want to offend her.

As we were going back to the hotel I said to Mummy, "I shall never forget that," and I never have.

SUSAN J. ELLIOT, Primary 5(1).

HIS LORDSHIP

HIS lordship is the baby that lives next door. He is only a few days old and his name is Nicholas. His daddy thinks that he is very like Sir Winston Churchill and ought to have a cigar in his mouth. When he opened his eyes I was amazed to see that one eye was looking East while the other was looking West. His black hair is very long and his mummy could have put curlers in it. His eyes are blue and his nose is the size of a button. I was very amused to see that his feet are about the size of my pointing finger and his toe nails look like shells.

It is a pity that he cannot speak and tell us what he thinks of us.

ALISON SAMUEL, Primary 5(1).

THE SNAKE

DURING our Easter holidays, my family and I went to Castle Douglas for a week.

One day when we were coming home from a visit to Newton Stewart, we stopped for a while in Glen Trool. We climbed up a small hill to one

part of the forest where the ground was as soft as a carpet, because it was covered with withered pine needles, moss and clover leaves. There were tiny waterfalls here and there. It was really a beautiful part of the forest.

Farther on, at the foot of the hill, it was very marshy land. There were ditches filled with water. I asked Daddy what they were for. He said that when fire broke out in the forest, it reached the ditches and could spread no further.

Going back to the car I was saying, "Darkest Africa" when I saw something grey. Suddenly I realised that it was a snake. I screamed and Daddy came running to my side. I told him about the snake. We looked but could not find it.

The rest of the holiday passed happily, but I never forgot about the snake.

DOROTHY INGLIS, Primary 5(2).

CHRISTMAS IN CANADA

TWO years ago I was in Canada, in its capital Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario. We went to the Parliament House where only visitors could park. The buildings were guarded by Mounties. Tulips stood up stiff and beautiful, adding colour to the front of the buildings.

At Christmas we went to see the snow statues which students make every year outside certain buildings.

The Science students won. They had made a huge tall rabbit with a wineglass in its hands. It was the rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland."

A few days after we went on to Manotick, the village where I was born. On our way there we saw lots of houses with plastic models of Santa Claus. Some showed Santa on his sledge with his reindeer, others showed him with his sack, and these lit up. Nearly every house had them. They looked very attractive on this Christmas Eve.

When we reached my aunt's house we went and hung up our stockings and went to bed. Next morning my stocking was full of toys.

MARGARET WATSON, Primary 5(2).

MY HAMSTER

MY little furry hamster is called Mabel. Her tail is like a match-stick. She is a nocturnal animal, and curls up in a furry ball in the day-time. She nibbles at her cage at night, and I can hardly get to sleep. A few nights ago she nibbled a big hole, and daddy had to put a block of wood over it. She gets Swoop for food. Although it is a wild-bird food, the lady in the shop said that the hamster liked it very much indeed.

VIVIEN SMALL, Primary 4(1).

ON HOLIDAY

WE went to Gullane on holiday. This time we were very lucky for we were near the Goose Green which is really a swing park. My little brother met a little boy about the same age as himself, called Charles. Carol goes with us to the "roose reen" as she calls it. She loves the shute! Yet she is not allowed on it because Mother thinks it is dangerous. Mother! Well, she

just sits on a seat beside the swing park and dreams about the dinner and what she is going to bake. Father! He is just sitting at the office working hard until his brow sweats. That is the end of our holiday. Goodbye!

FIONA MOFFAT, Primary 4(2).

MY DOLL'S HOUSE

I HAVE a doll's house which I've had for many years. It is in a bit of a mess at the moment and I shall have to tidy it. As it is a bit old it is also a bit broken. A while ago one of the chimneys fell off so you can pretty well guess how old it is. My big sister Lorna had it before me and I think I got it when I was a baby.

FIONA McCROW, Primary 3(1).

MY BIRTHDAY TREAT

IT was a beautiful evening and a very special evening too, for it was my Birthday. Daddy took me and my brother, Ian, for a sail on St. Margaret's Loch. The boat-man insisted that we should have a boat that he said was very high and dry. So we took the boat and sailed it round the loch twice but the third time was unlucky. Ian was rowing the boat and suddenly there was a bang! "We're on the rocks," I said. I looked down and I was right out of the water but the main point was that daddy (who was at the other end of the boat) was right down in the water and we could not get off the rocks. Then our number was called, and after a lot of laughing we freed the boat and sailed it back. Soon I was bundled off into the car and taken home.

GILLIAN HOOD, Primary 3(2).

PRIMARY 2(1)

1. When I grow up I am going to be a nurse in a hospital. Then I will stop work and get married and have children. When they are both eleven I will get a half time job so that I will be home in time for them. We will have tea at 9 o'clock, they will go to bed and I will have a read.

2. I live with my mummy and daddy my big brother and my cat. My brothers name is Hamish and he goes to the Royal High School. I go to James Gillespies School. I do not know what school my cat will go to but he is black and white and that is Royal High School colours, so I think that is the school he will have to go to. He would look very funny wearing a cap and blazer.

3. My wee brother is a funny wee boy. He tries to do a summer salt but he cant. He tries so hard to speak but he cant. He tries to do everything but he cant. When the door would not open he said etmetie. He took and onion out of Mrs Bennets bucket and gave it to mummy and said loi yul petent. He meant Royal Present.

4. One fine morning I climbed the pole of my swing. You see daddy had taken my swing away to be shortened and it hasn't come back yet. So I put on my shorts and swung without the swing.

5. When I am grown up I am going to be a teacher. I am going to work in James Gillespies High School. I am going to teach little girls only. I shall be a busy teacher. I am going to work there because I work there now. I am happy there now and I shall always be happy there.

PRIMARY 2(2)

1. I have a teddy. His name is Grunty. I always call him that because he grunts so much. I love my teddy. I think he is the funniest teddy and the cuddliest teddy. He has two shampoo bottles and a feeding bottle and a spoon.

2. My baby brother John gets into an awful mess eating his porridge. It goes on his nose and his cheeks. His feeder is covered too. He spits more out than goes into his mouth. He likes it very much. Mummy tries to clean him up but he still gets more on him.

3. When I grow up I am going to be a hairdresser. When I am cutting hair the scissors will go snip, snip, snip, and when I am shampooing the hair the water will go trickle, trickle, trickle. The person that I have shampooed will have to go under a hair dryer. I will give the person a book to look at.

4. I have a doll. She is a funny doll. Her name is Audrey. She has one foot and no arms. When I got her she was all right but my little brother found her. He is bad. He can have her now, because she is not any use to me.

5. My big brother has a gum boil. He had to get a tooth out at the same side. His tooth came out in eight pieces, but he did not cry. Daddy was amazed. We went by ourselves on the bus. Daddy showed us the bus stop and the bus numbers.

PRIMARY 1(1)

1. I lurnt to taiy a tiy on teddy and he did look smart.

2. On Monday I went to the childehood museeum of checkeslvacaya and I saw a doll the very same as mine.

3. My mother went to binns to buy me some nitise. I got a pair of frily nicers and I will ware them at the party.

4. I did like the fownders day be cos I did no jams and miss Steel and we did sing ower shooll throo menay a yeer reenownd.

5. I liked the childrens theeiter when the cloon smacd the pleesman on the boteme, and the little whie horse becuose he was magic when the man got a new peeny.

6. Yestarday was my burthty and 18 girls came to it and one boy and in the first game he wood not play bee cos he was difrent.

7. I am going to plant sum pitytoes with my little bruther to help me but my daddy is going to dig the holes.

8. I saw schoodents trying to knit an underwear for an octps and one was in a dredful mudell and she had the wrong end of a needell.

9. I had the floop on fruday, as well as a bleading nose, and I was sick in my bunk bed.

10. On Sunday I went to the forth brijsh and we had a holde-up becos there were hundrijs of peepill and cars and traficklits.

11. My hamster went under the sitea and he 8 and took sum of the sitea and sum of the carpit to and he was veri funny indeed.

12. I went to South pacific and they sang Im onelay a cokeyed octomas and ballyhide and a lady did a concert for some sallerys but I dont no what its cold.

PRIMARY 1(2)

1. dad was a teenager but mum group normali.
2. I took my teddy to see my friend he sed hoo is this I sed dont euoy now it is my friend.
3. I went to a horse and I got a ruceed on it I had huf to hold on to its hare and then I gotof.
4. I sow the lolipop man on my juni to scol and I saw the brunsfeld hospl.
5. I like droing best I do my sums well I put my rods out proprly I even finisht my weeving proprly and I wurk proprly.
6. I am a little dog my name is Doogy. I am a black dog. I have a brown belt. my parents are Mr and Mrs brown. I go for walks on a side road. I like children best. I eat bread and I drink milk and water. I sleep in a basket.
7. I am a fairy my name is maryin and I lived with my hubind far far far away in a old coij in the woods so the wichis cant catch me my man is very nice.
8. I liv at 10 Woodlan grove ehmburu dudingstun 15 my fone numb is abyhill fuoronesivenfour and my name is Linda Jeann Fenwick and I liv in a bungloe I have glano rok on my wall and I have chips.
9. I am a flower such a pretty flower I am a tulup I am pink I stand on my long green stem in a wood I make frinds with ether tulups.
10. today I am going to get my pamala hat.
11. I am a fairy my name is Susan and I wirk at ofis but I was a sili on Munday and do you no whot I did I fell when I was going to wirk.
12. my kusen Karain joolyu is comeing today for lunch and my anty and unakil Karain is neerly three and linsy runs away when Karain comes and in the afternoon we are gonig to play.

FENCING CLUB

THE Fencing Club continued to thrive under the expert guidance of Mrs Mylne and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking her for the time, energy and patience spent on us during the year.

The membership was increased by a strong contingent of girls from the Second Year and we hope that they shall continue to help the Club next session.

JANICE M. DEWAR, 5C.

ANN R. MACDONALD, 5D.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

General Editor—Mr JAMES D. McEWAN.

Business Editor—Miss ANNE DINGWALL.

Editor, Former Pupils' Section—Miss M. E. R. HENDERSON.

School Editor, 1961—Miss JANICE O'RORKE.

Class Numbering.—Class 1 indicates a girl of about 12, and for each increase in class number add a year to age, to Class 6 when girls are about 18.

HOCKEY 1st XI 1960-61



Back Row—J. DEWAR, J. MACKENZIE, H. BALLANTYNE, P. BOOTH, L. SMITH, G. SMITH, MISS LAMBERT.
Front Row—D. PAE, R. JOHNSTONE, F. BROWN (*Captain*), D. SELLAR, I. JOHNSTONE.

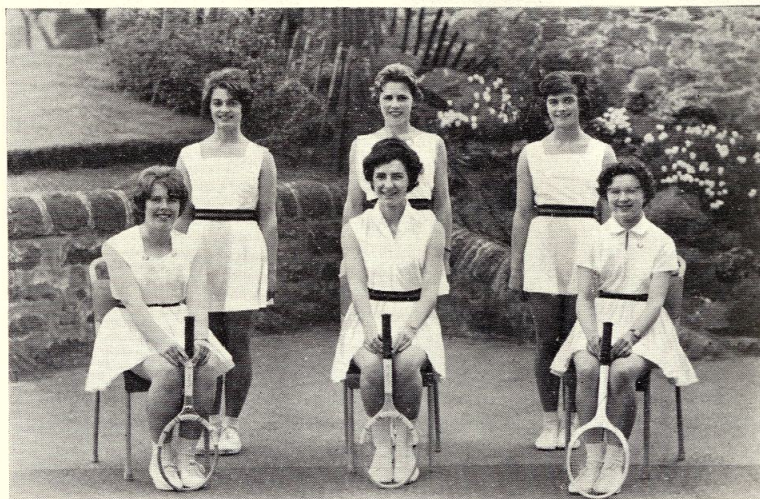
CRICKET 1961



Back Row—Miss LAMBERT, P. DAUNT, P. ANDREW, D. PAE, E. SHEDDAN, L. ERSKINE, M. COOK, S. SANSOM.
Front Row—S. FAIRBAIRN, K. JAWORSKA, A. MANSON (*Captain*), J. DEWAR, S. MACKENZIE.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son

TENNIS 1961



Back Row—R. JOHNSTONE, F. HENDERSON, I. JOHNSTONE.
Front Row—M. BINNS, F. BROWN (*Captain*), A. CAMERON.

PRIMARY SCHOOL NETBALL 1960-61



Back Row—CAROL FIDDLER, PAMELA JOHNSTON, CHRISTINE OGILVIE, BARBARA WILSON.
Front Row—FRANCES COOK, VALERIE PRODGERS (*Captain*), JOYCLYN NOLAN.

Photos by E. R. Yerbury & Son



THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THE "Lit." continues to flourish, with two small changes. The first was that Miss Henderson after so many years' service decided this year to retire from the post of Vice-President. This, however, has changed only the front of the syllabus, for Miss Henderson has continued to do the work and we continue to be very grateful. Miss Henderson's place on the committee has been filled by Miss Bain who, like Miss Foster, takes a special interest in dramatics. The other change was the introduction of a literary reading—more or less relevant—at the beginning of each meeting.

Our interest in debating has grown still greater with, in the end, five debates and the Inter-Debate with the Royal High School. Three of the ordinary debates were quite extraordinary for this year our School team of Kathryn Thompkins and Margaret Watt reached the East of Scotland finals of the English Speaking Union Debating Competition where we were runners-up to the Royal High School. May we thank here not only the Society but the whole school for their support throughout our ordeal and for their kind forbearance of our "swelled heads" afterwards.

Sixth Year Night took (roughly) the form of J. M. Barrie's immortal work "Peter Pan." Barrie would have recognised the spirit of the performance certainly, the characters probably, but the dialogue—hardly ever!

In January we had the pleasure of being the guests of Jinglin' Geordie's Boys at the Burns Supper. Mrs Burgoyne proposed the Immortal Memory. It is seldom that a more fascinating person has given us a more interesting, more enjoyable speech.

There was some difficulty this year with our "Outside Speaker" as Mr Cavaye who had kindly agreed to talk to us about Old Edinburgh was unfortunately taken ill. However, Mrs Cavaye very gallantly offered to deputise and took us on a most revealing and exciting tour of our "own romantic town." Her slides, including some of buildings which are no longer standing, and her stories of the wizards and murderers and other strange characters kept us enthralled.

The Brains Trust, the first for some time in the "Lit.", was a great success. The brains were very generously provided by Miss Campbell, Miss J. McIntyre, Mr Milne and Herr Gillich, and the questions by the committee. They ranged over a wide variety of subjects and the wit with which they were answered by our far-travelled panel made an entertaining as well as instructive evening.

The three weeks of otherwise unrelieved gloom which crawl by at the beginning of March were lightened by the Fourth Year's miscellany entitled "Through the Ages" in which music of a *musical* nature played a considerable part.

We had a party on Surprise Night, the surprise element being provided by voluntary fancy dress. A prize was offered for this and was shared by "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning."

It has been a good year and for that we must thank very sincerely Miss Steel for her encouragement, Mr McEwan, Miss Foster, Miss Bain, Miss Henderson and Mr Sommerville. Our thanks also go to the janitors for their smiling help and unflinching patience even at ten o'clock at night.

To next year's committee and all who will carry on the great tradition of Gillespie's "Lit.", we who have finished our term say: "Good luck; may you enjoy it as much as we have!"

MARGARET A. WATT, *Secretary.*

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

THIS session we were gratified to note not only an increase in the total membership but also an increase in the actual attendance at meetings, with the exception of the Annual General Meeting which always appears to be the most unpopular meeting of the session.

Miss Ferguson, who was for many years our President, has now retired from this post and her place has been ably taken over by Mrs Dobbie. As may be seen from the syllabus Miss Ferguson has been elected an Honorary President and in that capacity continues to give the Association valuable assistance especially in the running of the projector.

Our syllabus has been varied, with lectures covering many of the allied branches of science. We descended from the stars with Dr Mary Bruck to study our growth with Professor Swann and our blood with Dr R. A. Cumming. To cover this enormous distance we naturally used the D-type Jaguar driven by members of Ecurie Ecosse. To keep in touch with our base here at school Mr Pearson kindly allowed us to use his telephone.

As well as these more strenuous activities we had a Sixth Year Experiments night, a film evening and a staff night. Here we should like to thank those who took part, some at very short notice.

The library is slowly coming to life and we hope that next year under Diana Guthrie we shall see it standing on its feet or at least beginning to sit up.

We, of this year's committee, should like to offer the Association our best wishes for the future.

PATRICIA JAMIESON, *Secretary.*

ORCHESTRA

THIS year something in the nature of a minor revolution occurred in our ranks when, for the first time, we were joined by a group of stout-hearted little violinists from the Primary School. Their unbridled enthusiasm proved from the start to be infectious and the orchestra as a whole began the session with renewed zeal.

During the first term we toyed happily with Handel's "Water Music," and, waxing more ambitious, with Elgar's "Chanson de Nuit." Enthusiasm rather than skill was the hallmark of both attempts but, nothing daunted,

we hope this term to accompany the choir in the Dance Duet "Hansel and Gretel," by Humperdinck. Other items on our programme include a movement from Handel's "Royal Fireworks" Suite and a composition by one of our members—Cecilia Cavaye's "Norse"—in which many weird sounds are emitted (through no fault of the composer!)

To Mr Sommerville, our long-suffering conductor, who knows so well how to rage, how to coax and how to praise, we accord our grateful thanks in the knowledge that any success which we achieve is due entirely to his skilful and tolerant leadership.

CLARE PIRIE, 6A.

CHOIR

*"From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran."*

HAS this been encountered by listeners outside the Music Room on a Tuesday afternoon? We hope so. During these harmonious meetings together variety has been the keynote of the Choir's activities this year.

Once again we were invited to sing at the Christmas Eve Carol Service at St. Giles Cathedral. School uniform proved unpopular but fortunately was not a deterrent to forty willing and able members. Our performance of two carols, "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John," and "He smiles within His Cradle" were greatly enjoyed and appreciated. The usual Founder's Day Anthem was enlivened, this year, by the addition of a male voice, namely that of Mr Sommerville, in the work "Seek Ye the Lord" for male voice solo and chorus. At the Easter Service in St. Cuthbert's Church the Choir sang the anthem "You that have spent the Silent Night." Various anthems were also sung at Friday morning service during the first term.

For the Closing Concert this year we are preparing a varied selection of songs including "Five Eyes," "The Raggle Taggle Gypsies," "May" and others. The orchestra, which has increased considerably in size, is now well armed to "hold its own" against the choir in the combined effort of the "Dance-Duet."

As always we should like to thank Miss Nicoll in her role of accompanist and most especially our "Master of Choristers," Mr Sommerville. For this reason may we hope that on the evening of the Closing Concert he may, with baton poised, confidently survey:

*"the full voiced choir above
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies."*

LORRAINE C. HENDRIE, 6B.

SCRIPTURE UNION

THIS year it was our aim to vary our meetings as much as possible. We have held a quiz throughout the session for the first three years and, to the shame of the Second and Third Year girls and to the delight of the First Year, the latter were the ultimate winners.

Also, we have occasionally during the past session divided into groups and discussed subjects such as the Lord's Prayer. For the Fifth and Sixth formers, we held Bible studies at lunch-time. The first book we attempted

was "Daniel." We must confess that it was only an attempt and that we are now proceeding more successfully with the Epistle of Paul to the Philippians.

During the Christmas holidays, five of our senior girls attended the Fifth and Sixth Formers' Scripture Union Conference at Aberfoyle. From this we returned with new ideas and we hope the Branch has benefited from our visit and that in future years others may profit as much as we have.

Perhaps the highlight of the session was our joint meeting with George Heriot's School's Branch. At that meeting, we saw the film "The Sickle or the Cross."

Later this session, we hope to have a social evening and, for the energetic members of our Branch, a hike over the Pentlands. We hope this will be somewhat more ambitious than last year's hilarious jaunt from Balerno to Balerno.

Our last year's Secretary, Miss Betty Alexander, visited our Branch during the first term and is to revisit us in June on behalf of the Evangelical Union in the University of Edinburgh. The purpose of her visit is to tell us about this society and to invite the Sixth formers to a barbecue. We eagerly anticipate her visit.

In the summer term we were joined by Miss Young. We welcome her and hope she will enjoy our meetings. Miss Valentine has once again helped us considerably and we should like to express our appreciation to her. We should also like to thank Miss Steel for the interest she takes in all our activities.

We have enjoyed and profited from our period in office and we pray that next year's committee will have as much support from the girls and find as much satisfaction in their work as we have.

ROSEMARY A. CATHELS, 6A.

JENNIFER DAVIDSON, 6A.

E.S.C.A.

MEMBERSHIP of E.S.C.A. this year has been large, with Gillespie's contributing over eighty, though the attendance at some meetings has been rather small. It is encouraging, however, to note the keenness of those who have come and the high standard of speaking in our debates.

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Mr Delong, the American Consul-General, whose subject was "World Citizenship." This proved to be the first of several excellent meetings, including a Kirk Session which gave us an opportunity to hear representatives of different religious denominations, and a Political Evening where there was a very lively discussion of topical questions by a panel of politicians.

Our Fourth Year Evening, comprising two short debates "That the rats are justified in leaving a sinking ship" and "That we have nothing to offer the Yeti" was as interesting and amusing as the subjects suggest. We have had two other debates about topics of importance in the world today and are looking forward most eagerly to the joint meeting with the West of Scotland C.E.W.C. on 27th May, when we are going to debate "That the Commonwealth is no longer an asset but a liability."

At the Third Year Conference to be held early in June we should like

to encourage interest among those who can join E.S.C.A. next year, so that in future the Society will continue to prosper.

I am proud to have been associated with E.S.C.A. and I hope that succeeding representatives and members will derive as much pleasure and instruction from it as I have.

KATHRYN B. THOMPSON, *Secretary*.

THE C.E.W.C. EASTER CONFERENCE

FROM 30th March till 4th April, I had the privilege of representing the School at the C.E.W.C. Easter Conference at Middleton Camp near Gorebridge. The subject of the Conference was "Russia."

On this theme we had several very interesting lectures including one on "Russian Art," beautifully illustrated with colour slides. From Dr Greene's talk about "Modern Russian Literature with special reference to the work of Boris Pasternak," we learnt not a little about present trends in Soviet thought, while Mr McWhirter clarified for us the intricacies of recent Russian history.

Part of each day was spent in discussion groups talking about various aspects of Russia's internal affairs and relations to the rest of the world, discussions which were lively and surprisingly productive of ideas. Those of us who were group-leaders were very grateful to Mr Gordon for his thoughtful organisation and valuable advice.

An innovation this year was a debate: "That this house is proud of its bourgeois decadence," a subject which proved both provocative and amusing. One evening a programme of excerpts from Russian literature was presented, which gave a vivid impression of a whole range of achievement of which most of us were shamefully ignorant.

I should like to take this opportunity of once again expressing my gratitude to Miss Hawkins and all the staff for a most informative and enjoyable Conference.

KATHRYN B. THOMPSON, 6A.

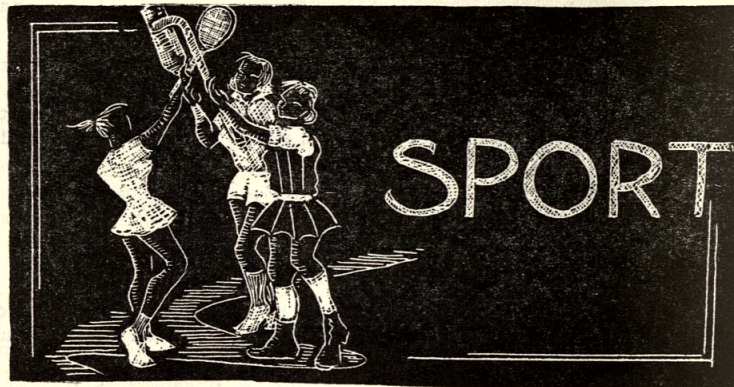
EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

THIS session the subjects on the syllabus have ranged from "Stage Lighting" to "The Study of our Growth," the latter lecture being given by Professor Swann who spoke on a similar subject to our School Science Association. Other lectures included Atomic Energy, Plant Physiology, Physics research and a lecture by Professor Beevers on Retorts, Clamps and Springs.

It is hoped that excursions will again be arranged for the summer term. Last session a few of us were privileged to explore part of Gilmerton Colliery after hours which added to the interest.

Next session our School representative will be Susan Williamson and to her and the rest of the Society I offer my best wishes for future years.

PATRICIA JAMIESON, *School Representative*.



HOCKEY

THE 1st XI, although more successful than last year's, did not do as well as we had hoped. Nevertheless, we had a most enjoyable season.

In the American Tournament, held at Liberton, we were just beaten by Dumfermline who went on to win the finals. In the Inter-School Sports, we were also unsuccessful.

Five of our 1st XI have been selected to play in an Exhibition Five-a-side Tournament in the Waverley Market at the end of May.

Rosemary Johnstone, Diane Sellar and Frances Brown were awarded colours this year, while Janice Dewar was selected for the Junior East Team.

We must extend our most sincere thanks to Miss Lambert, Miss Anderson and Mrs Grieve, who have encouraged and given us a great deal of their time and attention.

The results for the season are as follows:—

	Played	Games				Goals	
		Won	Drawn	Lost	Cancelled	For	Against
1st XI	17	9	1	7	6	39	30
2nd XI	15	8	5	2	7	40	17
3rd XI	13	8	4	1	8	52	15
4th XI	11	3	3	5	10	25	25
5th XI	15	6	2	7	4	34	35
6th XI	17	13	2	2	4	55	13

FRANCES BROWN, 6B, *Captain*.

CRICKET CLUB

AT the beginning of this term, the following Office-Bearers were elected: Aileen Manson, *Captain*; Krystyna Jaworska, *Vice-Captain*.

The 1st XI look forward to playing against the University, Esdaile, Atholl Crescent and St. George's, and it is hoped that other fixtures can be arranged.

This year, we were very pleased to welcome so many younger girls to the club, amongst them some very promising players.

We also take this opportunity of thanking Miss Lambert for the help and advice she has given us.

AILEEN MANSON, *Captain*.

TENNIS

WE have arranged matches against Boroughmuir, John Watson's, St. Hilary's, Buckhaven, St. Margaret's and Kirkcaldy. Many of our girls have also entered for both the singles and doubles tournaments in the forthcoming East of Scotland Tennis Championships. We have arranged School Championships and House Matches for this season.

The members of the Tennis Club wish to thank Miss Lambert and Miss Anderson for their interest, help and never-ending patience.

FRANCES BROWN, 6B, *Captain*.

SWIMMING (SENIOR)

OUR senior team gained second place at Boroughmuir Gala and though they were not placed at Portobello Gala, they spent an enjoyable evening. The under-fifteen team reached the final in the inter-school relay at the Edinburgh Area Championships while many other girls gained places that evening. Flora Calder has been chosen for the team to meet the rest of Scotland at Govan later this session.

The result of the swimming championship this year was a tie between Flora Calder and Jocelyn Wilson, both gaining 27 points.

Many girls are practising for the Bronze Medallion and for the more arduous Award of Merit while two girls hope to gain their Instructor's Certificate.

We should like to thank Miss Anderson for her advice and encouragement throughout the session.

The results for the first and second term examinations are as follows: 16 Elementary, 18 Intermediate, 12 Advanced and 19 Life Saving.

MARGARET J. GROSSET, 5P.

SWIMMING (JUNIOR)

Prize List

<i>Champion's Badge</i>	-	-	-	FRANCES M. BROOKS, Primary 6(1).
<i>Runner-up</i>	-	-	-	CHRISTINE F. OGILVIE, Primary 7(1).
<i>Diving Champion</i>	-	-	-	ELIZABETH A. WALKER, Primary 6(1).
<i>House Relay</i>	-	-	-	GILMORE.

Certificates gained during winter and spring terms: 36 Elementary, 11 Intermediate and 6 Advanced.

NETBALL

OWING to the enthusiasm of many Second Year girls it was decided to form a Second Year netball team this year.

Although the weather was often bad, attendances have been exceptionally good. With difficulty a team has been selected and of the three matches played two have been won. We must now look to the future in the hope of proving ourselves worthy of Miss Lambert's enthusiastic welcome of the idea. On behalf of the girls I should like to thank her for the time she has spent encouraging and helping us.

ELIZABETH M. SHEDDAN.



FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

THE past year has been the first in the life of the newly constituted Former Pupils' Association. The Reunion was held in the School Hall on Friday, 21st October 1960. On that occasion the former pupils had the privilege of seeing "A Room in the Tower," the play which won the School Inter-House Drama Festival in 1960. The musical items were provided by Norma McDonald, the winner of the 1960 School Singing Competition.

To all school leavers this summer we extend a warm welcome. We look forward to seeing all former pupils at the autumn Reunion, and would remind them that the election of the new committee will take place then.

CHRISTINE S. CRICHTON, *Hon. Secretary.*

F.P. NOTES

AT Edinburgh University the following Former Pupils have gained the degree of:—

M.B., Ch.B.—FLORA MCGREGOR.

M.A. with Honours.—JEAN OSLER (Classics); MOIRA GUNN and KATHLEEN ALLANACH (English); DOREEN STEVEN (French Language and Literature); EILEEN BROWN (Geography).

M.A.—JANICE BATHGATE, SARA DAVIDSON, ROSALIND ADELMAN and I. PAMELA HERON.

B.Sc. with Honours.—ELIZABETH GARRIOCK (Chemistry) and VIVIAN POLLITT (Chemistry—after graduation).

The Diploma in Education has been gained by SYLVIA CROWE, M.A.

At the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science Gladys Cairns, Christine Hynd, Aileen McLennan, Catherine Moyes, Winifred Pozzi, Isobel Ralston and Phyllis White have obtained Diploma III.

In the Final Honours School of English at Edinburgh University, Moira Gunn achieved the highest distinction, being Medallist and, out of twenty-seven candidates, the only one to be placed in the First Class. With this outstanding seal on her scholarship and gaining, further, a valuable Carnegie Award, she is now at Somerville College, Oxford, engaged on post-graduate research in English Literature.

JOYCE FLANNIGAN, at present a student at the Dunfermline College of Physical Education, played in this year's International Hockey trials; and ANNE HARPER, who as well as being Secretary of the F.P. Hockey Club is East District Secretary and Minutes Secretary to the Council of the Scottish Women's Hockey Association, has been chosen for the East of Scotland Select Team to play at the May Hockey Tournament in Munich.

ELAINE COCHRANE, R.G.N., has been appointed a Flight Stewardess with the Overseas Division of Pan American Airways in New York.

BETTY SWANSON (Mrs ORD), after teaching for some time in Johannesburg, has been appointed to a teaching post in London.

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

THE Club has had one of the best seasons in its history. The players have held their own with the leading clubs in the district, drawing with Western Wanderers and conceding only two goals to Edinburgh Gymnasts. In District and Seven-a-side Tournaments, the 1st XI has done well, being, on several occasions, defeated only on goal average or by the odd corner.

The 2nd XI have also achieved better results than usual, and the Club's growing reputation could be maintained or enhanced if sufficient support is given by new school-leavers. Those interested, however lowly their position has been in School hockey, should contact next season's Secretary, Miss Marion Purdie, 54 Comiston Road, Edinburgh, 10 (Telephone MOR1941).

ANNE P. HARPER, *Hon. Secretary.*

MARRIAGES

HOISETH—SEATON.—PETTER HOISETH to DOROTHY B. SEATON, Leadervale Road.

DUNCAN—HENDERSON.—RONALD J. DUNCAN to CHRISTINE HENDERSON, 86 Montpelier Park.

SNEDDON—SCOTT.—DEREK J. C. SNEDDON to MARGARET SCOTT, 111 Craiglea Drive.

NOBLE—BIRD.—IAIN W. NOBLE to MARY E. C. BIRD.

OGILVIE—SPOUSE.—WILLIAM OGILVIE to ISOBEL SPOUSE, 4 Barnton Park.

WIGHTMAN—PRIMROSE.—JOHN H. WIGHTMAN to JOYCE PRIMROSE, 3 March Road.

LESLIE—REID.—IAN C. LESLIE to SONYA REID, 67 Harrison Road.

BAXTER—KIDD.—GEORGE BAXTER to DOREEN KIDD, 6 Myrtle Terrace.

BELL—HALL.—GEORGE T. BELL to RHONA HALL, 55 Falcon Road.

CLARKE—BAIRD.—NORMAN V. CLARKE to MARGERY BAIRD, 25 Plewlands Avenue.

ECKHART—LAMB.—PETER W. ECKHART to ELIZABETH M. LAMB, 120 Braid Road.

ROUTLEDGE—KEPPIE.—FRANK D. ROUTLEDGE to VIOLET KEPPIE, 49 Moira Terrace.

KILPATRICK—CADDIS.—HUGH A. KILPATRICK to ELSPETH CADDIS, 187 Bruntsfield Place.

MACASKILL—AUCKLAND.—KENNETH MACASKILL to WINIFRED AUCKLAND, Currie.

THOMSON—NEILSON.—HECTOR THOMSON to ANNABELLE NEILSON, 12 James Street.

PEARSON—SKEA.—In Norwich, Connecticut, ROBERT R. PEARSON to MOIRA SKEA.

WHITE—WRIGHT.—W. L. WHITE, M.B., Ch.B., to DEIRDRE WRIGHT, 67 Arden Street.

LUCAS—BUCHANAN.—NORMAN LUCAS to JOYCE BUCHANAN, 18 Carfrae Park.

MOXLEY—*MACNAB*.—In Kitimat, Canada, MERVIN MOXLEY to MAIRI MACNAB, 3 Lilyhill Terrace.
 MANN—*LOGAN*.—TREVOR B. MANN to SHEILA LOGAN, 12 Longformacus Road.
 WILSON—*HAMILTON*.—DAVID C. WILSON to SHEENA HAMILTON, 20 Dean Park Street.
 HADOU LIS—*McGREGOR*.—PANAGHRIS J. HADOU LIS to JOAN McGREGOR.
 SCOTLAND—*MARSHALL*.—KENNETH J. SCOTLAND to DOREEN MARSHALL, 9 Kingsknowe Avenue.
 FINDLAY—*CROSBIE*.—IAN R. FINDLAY to JUNE CROSBIE, 49 North Gyle Road.

BIRTHS

CAMERON.—To Surgeon-Lieut. and Mrs A. E. CAMERON (AUDREY HENDERSON), a daughter.
 CATTLE.—To Mr and Mrs RICHARD CATTLE (MARGARET TOPP), a daughter.
 FINDLAY.—To Mr and Mrs WALLACE FINDLAY (KATHERINE TOWILL), a daughter.
 FRASER.—To Mr and Mrs H. J. FRASER (DOROTHY ECKFORD), a daughter.
 IRVINE.—To Mr and Mrs R. IRVINE (CATHRYN HARVEY), a daughter.
 DODDS.—To Mr and Mrs G. E. DODDS (VIVIAN ORMONDE), a daughter.
 SCOTT.—To Mr and Mrs R. I. SCOTT (ELIZABETH PEARCEY), twin sons.
 MCGOWAN.—To Mr and Mrs L. H. MCGOWAN (KATHLEEN WISHART), a son.
 ROBERTSON.—To Mr and Mrs W. ROBERTSON (LAURA MUNRO), a daughter.
 BRAZENALL.—To Mr and Mrs W. BRAZENALL (MORAY BRYCE), a son.
 SMITH.—To Mr and Mrs A. SMITH (SHIELA MITTELL), a son.
 MACGREGOR.—To Mr and Mrs J. MACGREGOR (MOIRA B. MACKENZIE), a daughter.
 ENGER.—To Mr and Mrs JAN ENGER (MARGARET LECKIE), a son.
 PATTERSON.—To Mr and Mrs D. PATTERSON (BUNTY MACPHERSON), a daughter.
 GEDDES.—To the Rev. T. C. and Mrs GEDDES (EILEEN WAITT), a son.
 RUSSELL.—To Mr and Mrs K. RUSSELL (AUDREY THOBURN), a son.
 ABRAHAMS.—To Mr and Mrs S. ABRAHAMS (AVRIL FRASER), a daughter.
 BARBOUR.—To Mr and Mrs IAN BARBOUR (DOROTHY WATERSTON), a son.
 SUNNERS.—To Dr and Mrs B. SUNNERS (ANN CALDERWOOD), a son.
 AITCHISON.—To Mr and Mrs R. AITCHISON (PATRICIA PENNY), a daughter.
 BROWN.—To Mr and Mrs A. BROWN (OLIVE WIGHTMAN), a son.
 LYNE.—To Mr and Mrs K. LYNE (ELSPETH REEKIE), a daughter.
 MAU CHLAN.—To Mr and Mrs ERROL MAU CHLAN (MARGARET MUCKLOW), a daughter.
 WATKINS.—To Mr and Mrs R. WATKINS (SHEENA CHARTERS), a son.
 WHITTAKER.—To Mr and Mrs J. WHITTAKER (ELIZABETH REID), a daughter.
 HUDDART.—To Mr and Mrs HUDDART (DOROTHY NEILSON), a son.
 KIDD.—To Mr and Mrs KIDD (LESLEY DICKSON), a daughter.
 ROY.—To the Rev. ALAN and Mrs ROY (ROMA FINDLAYSON), a son.
 LASH.—To Mr and Mrs D. LASH (LAURETTE KING), a daughter.

Step

out

in shoes from Allan's means keeping step with fashion. Allan's have sold shoes for 5 generations, and that has meant suiting every whim of feminine fashion for the last 150 years. Prim Victorians and leg-flinging girls of the twenties and thirties went to Allan's for the best. Styles have changed but not the comfort and durability that Allan's have always demanded. As well as the opportunity to choose from the finest modern shoes, you have the service of a staff trained to give nothing less than the perfect fit.

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